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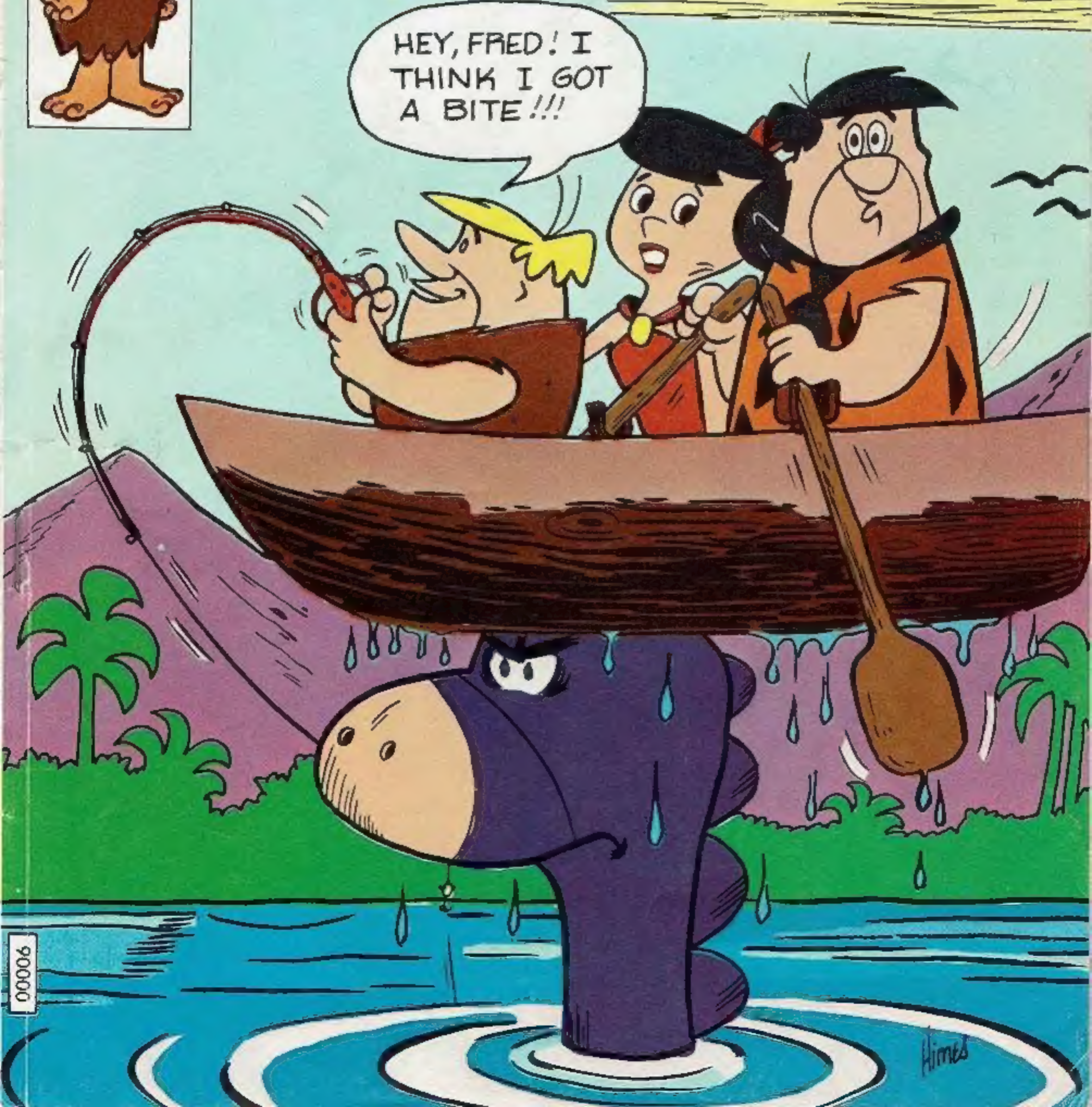


The FLINTSTONES' NEIGHBORS

# Barney & Betty Rubble

a Hanna-Barbera  
Production

HEY, FRED! I  
THINK I GOT  
A BITE!!!



Himes

00006



# Barney & Betty Rubble

IN

# PARTY CRASHER



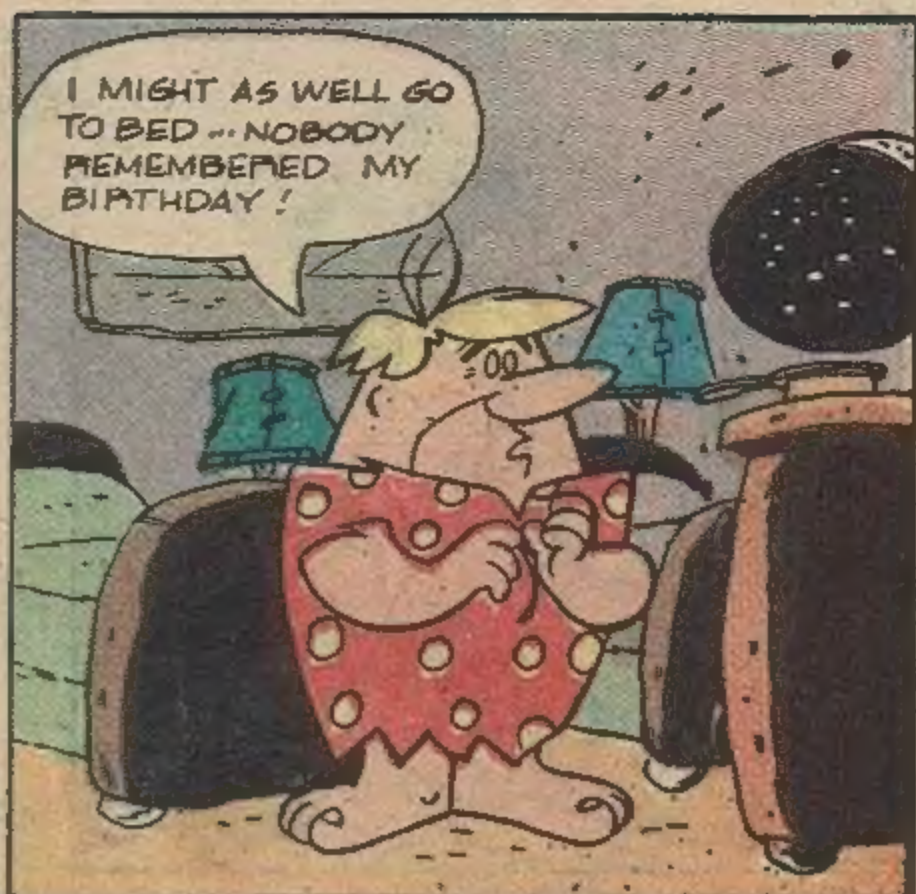
BARNEY AND BETTY RUBBLE Vol. 3, No. 14, June, 1975.

Published every six weeks by Charlton Publications, Inc., at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. 25¢ per copy. Subscription \$1.75 monthly. Printed in U.S.A. George Wildman, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in marked condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Otto, 114 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-606-8000). © 1975 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

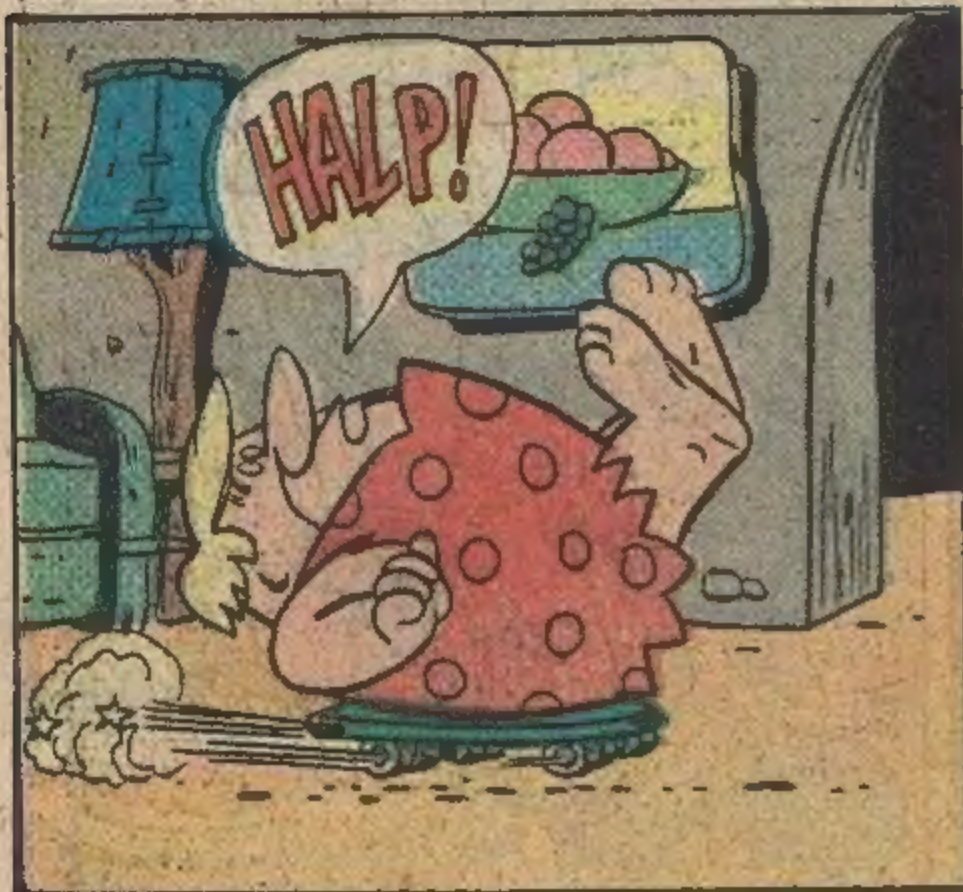
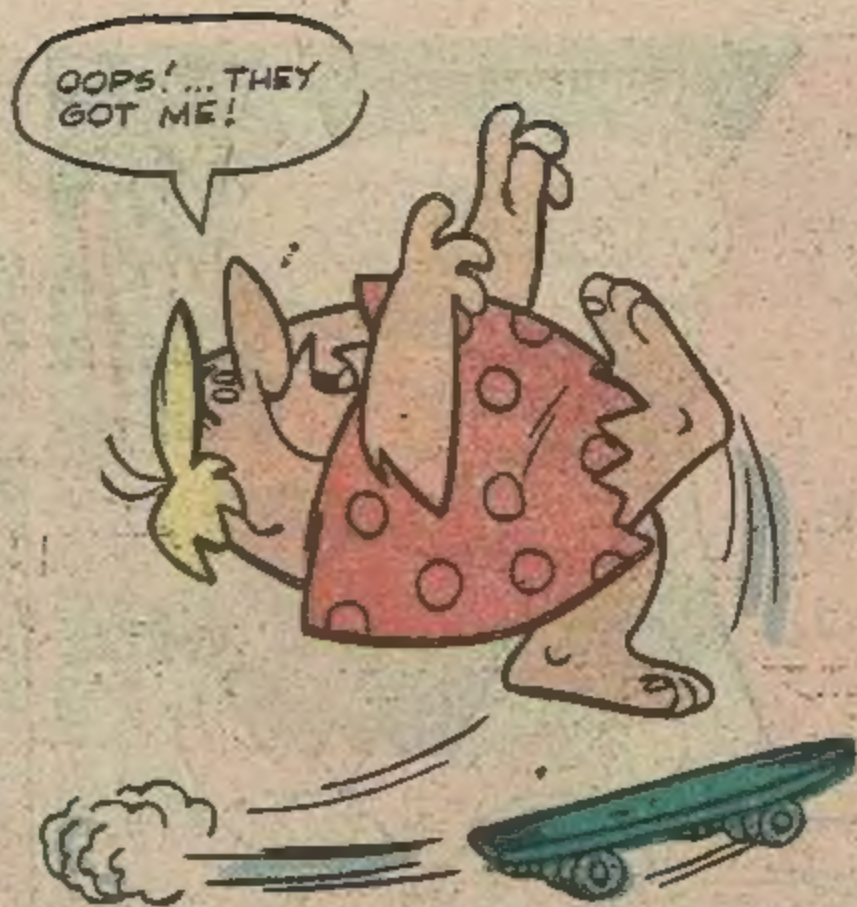














# Barney & Betty in RUBBLE

# MUSCLEBOUND TOES

GAY, BARN! ISN'T IT  
NICE OF PROFESSOR  
MCNUTT TO SHOW US ALL  
HIS WEIRD EXPERIMENTS?

NOTHING IS TOO  
WEIRD FOR MY  
FRIENDS!

HEY, PROF,  
WHAT'S IN  
THIS LITTLE  
BOTTLE?

NO! DON'T TOUCH THAT! IT'S MY LATEST  
EXPERIMENT "THE SUPER MUSCLE  
TONIC."

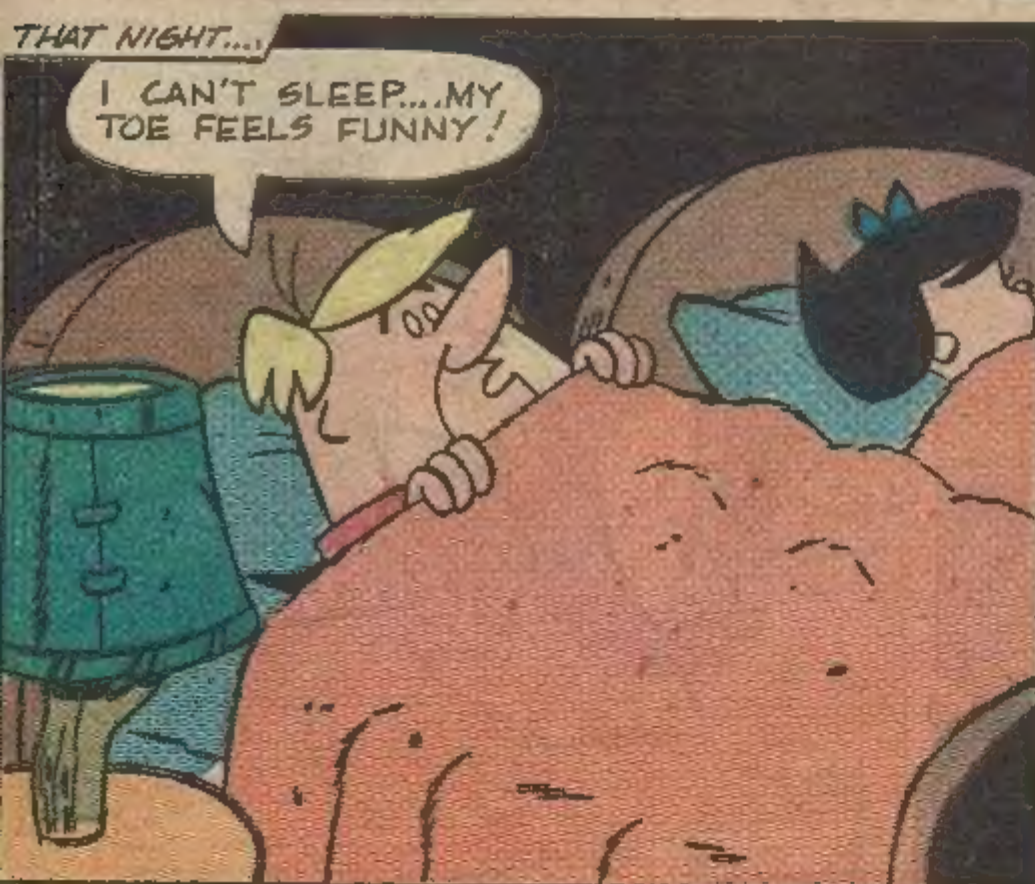
...MADE FROM TWO  
HUNDRED VITAMINS,  
SPINACH JUICE  
AND IRON !!

... IT HAS NEVER  
BEEN TESTED!  
WE DON'T KNOW  
IF IT WORKS!

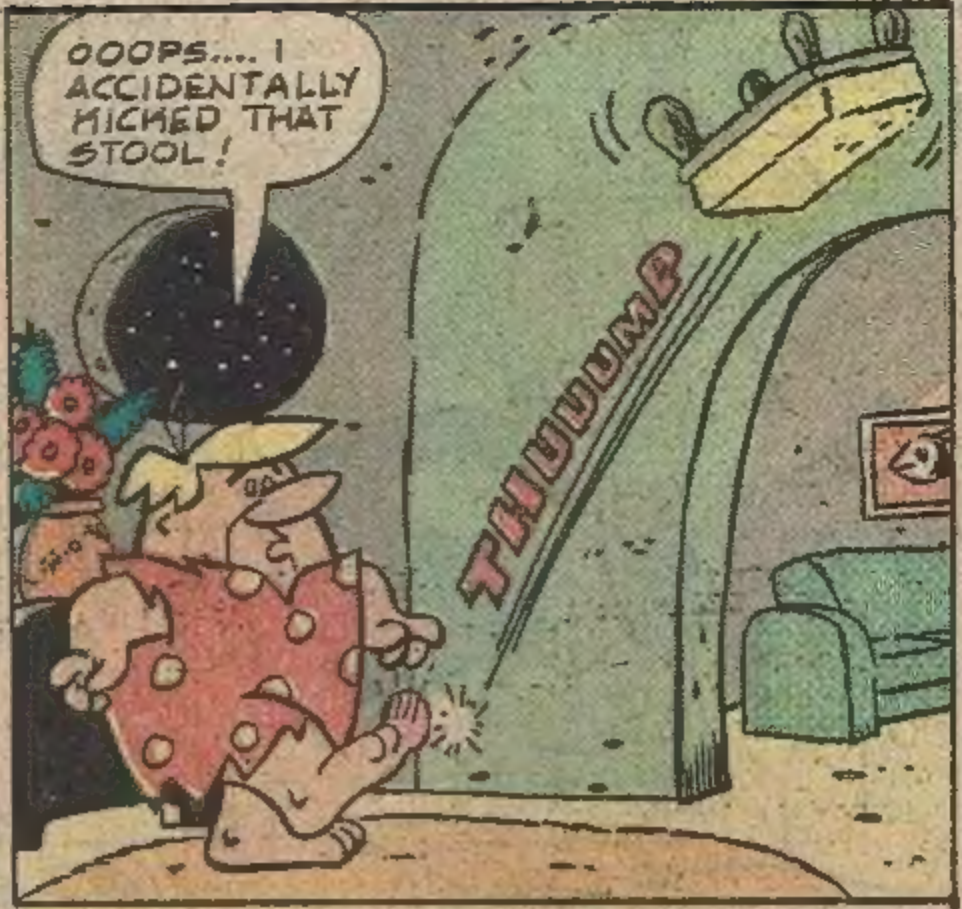
OOOPS...

CRASH!

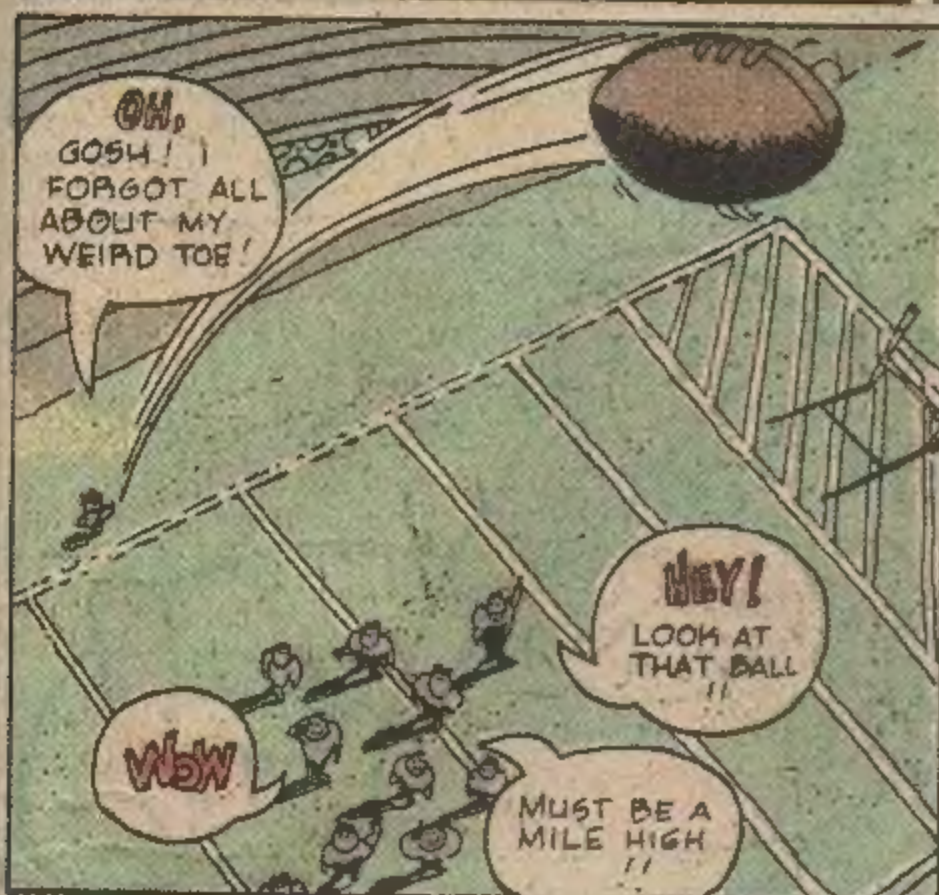




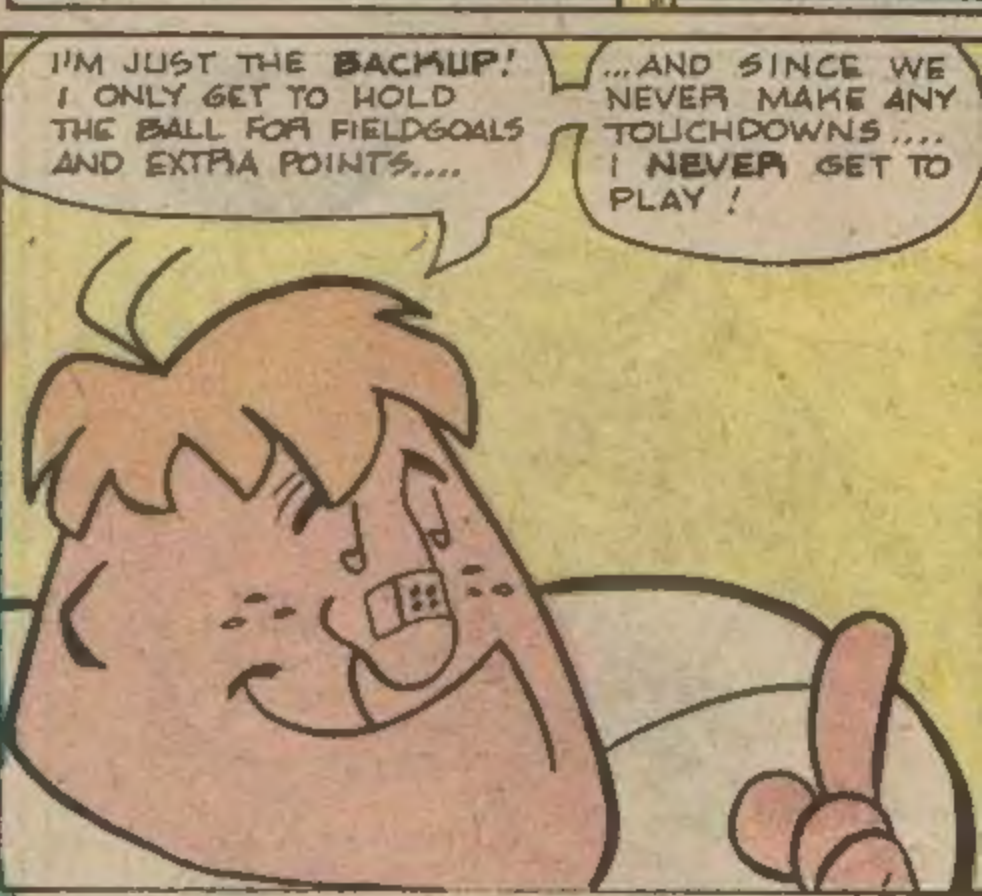
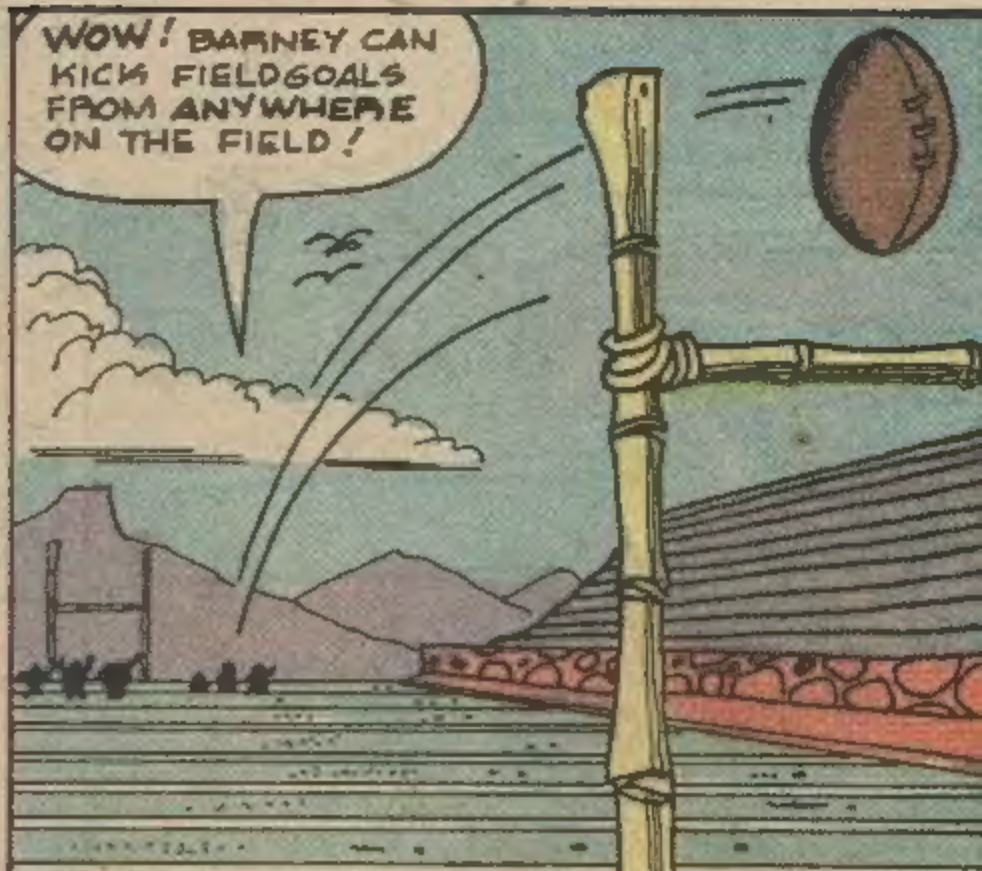




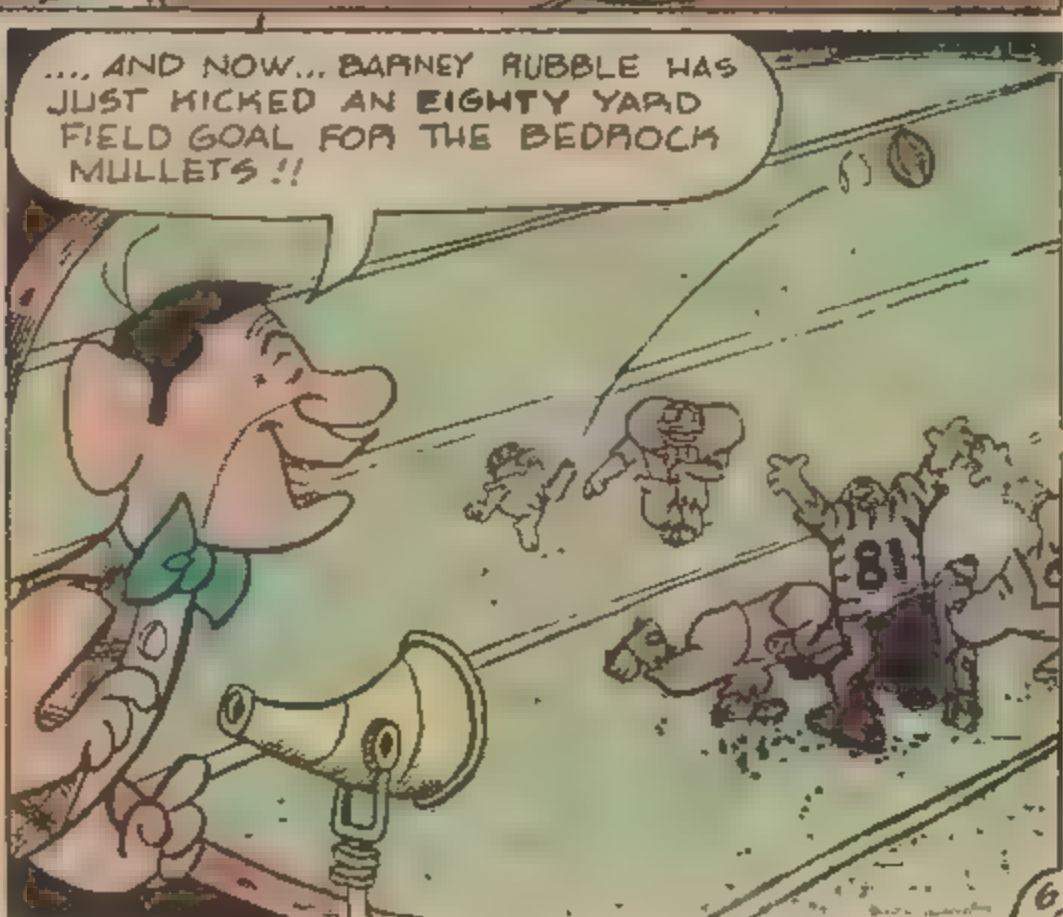
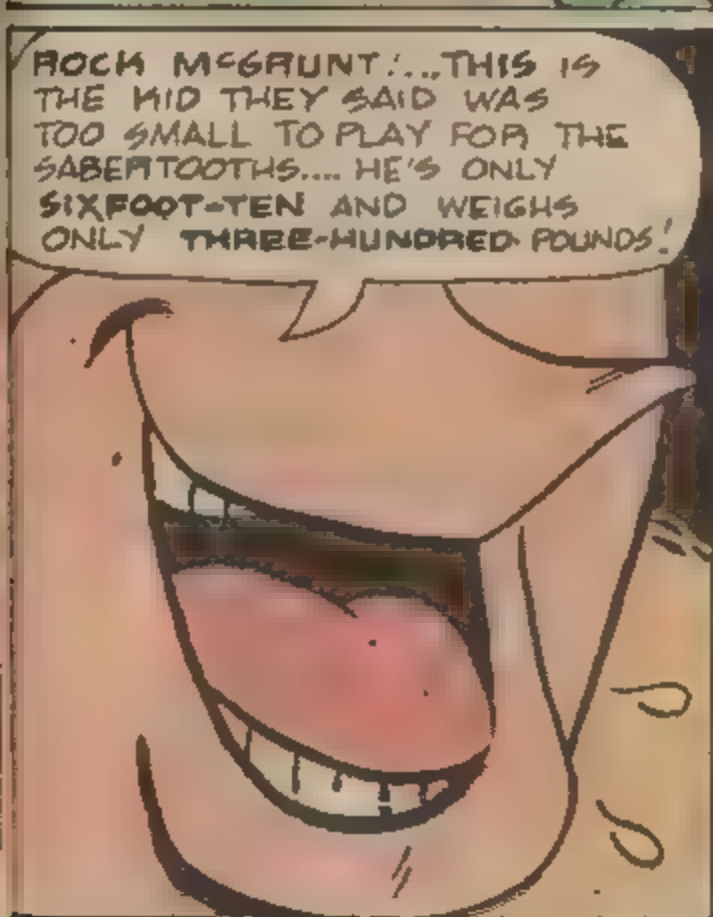
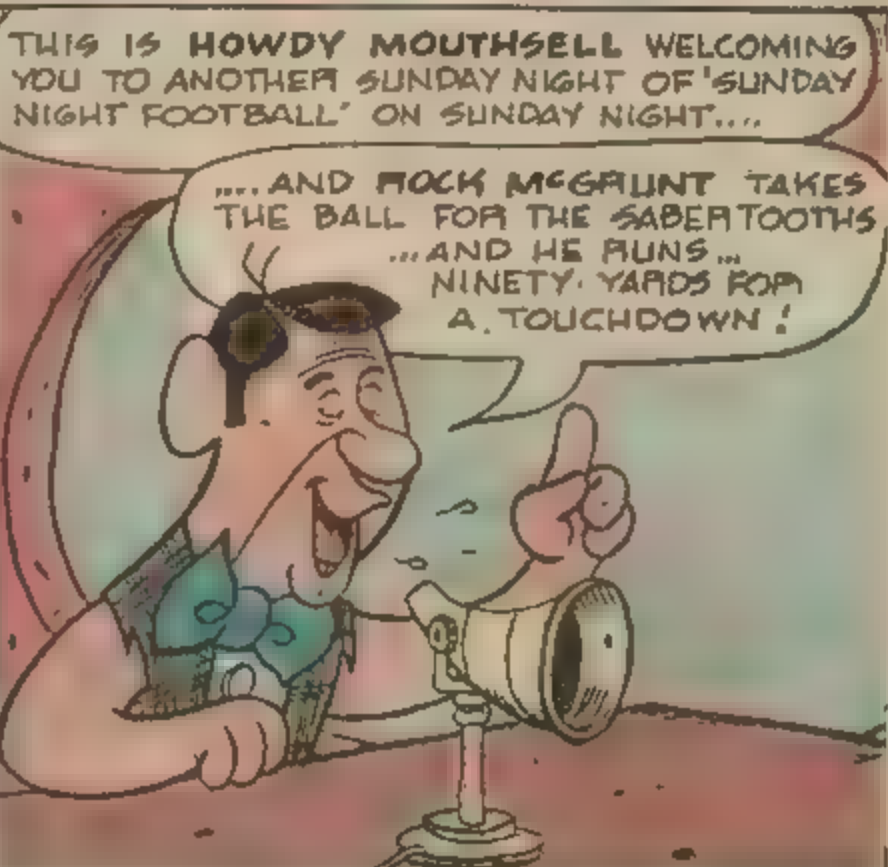






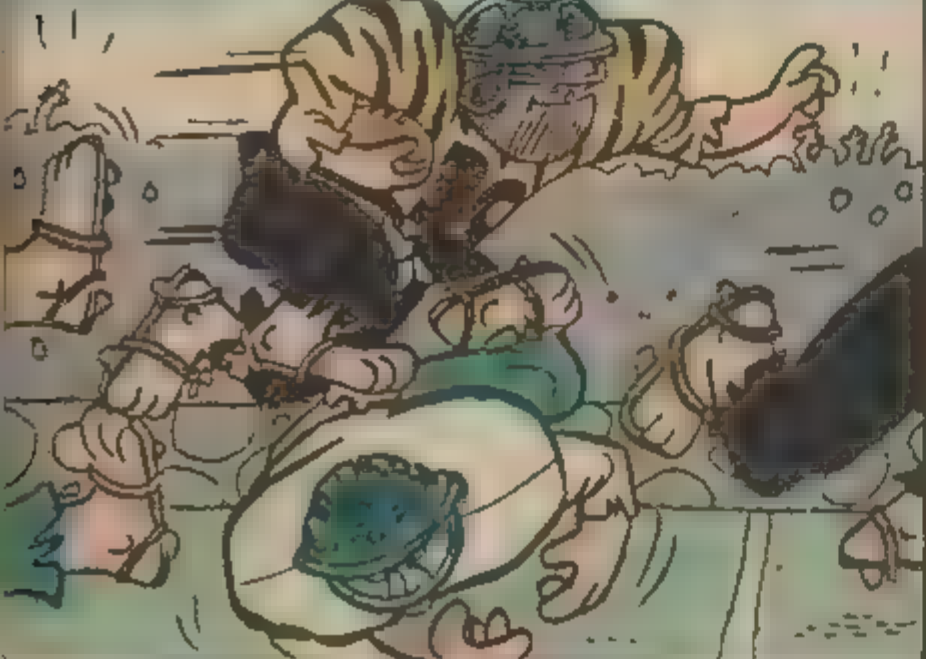




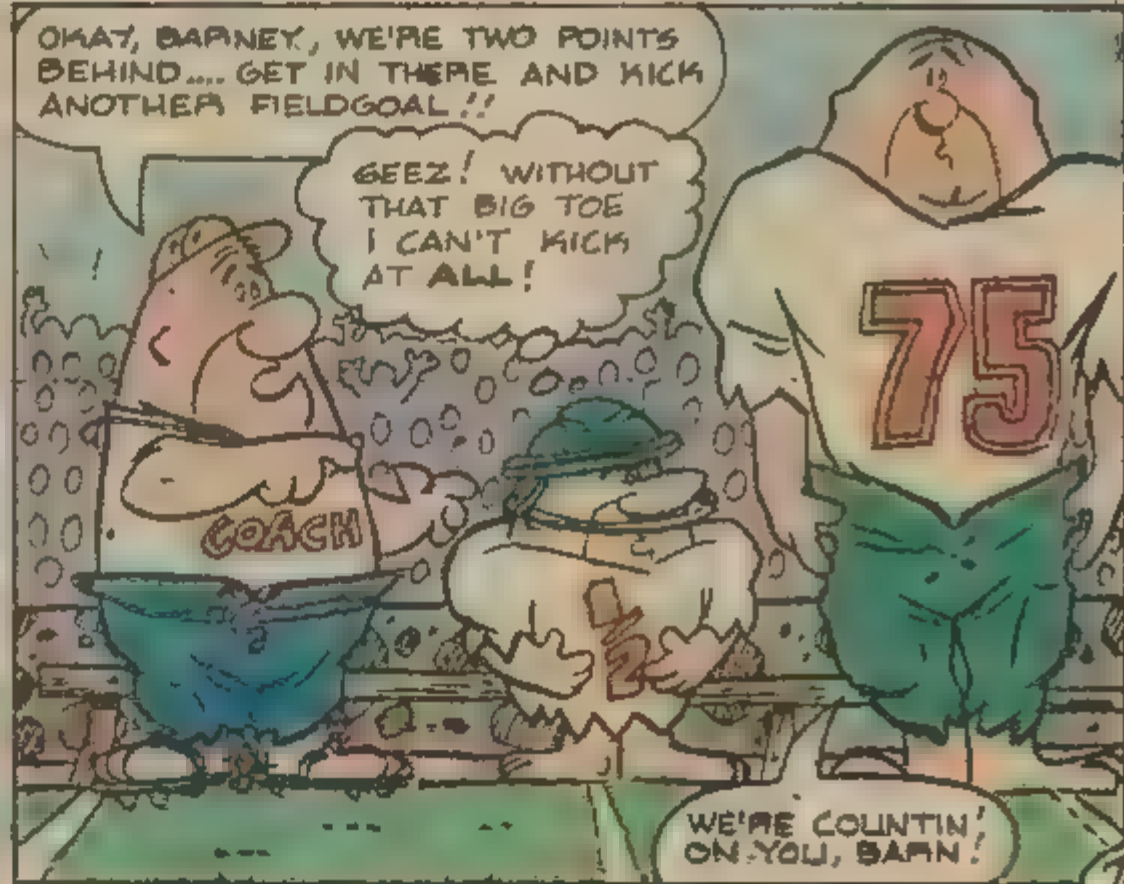
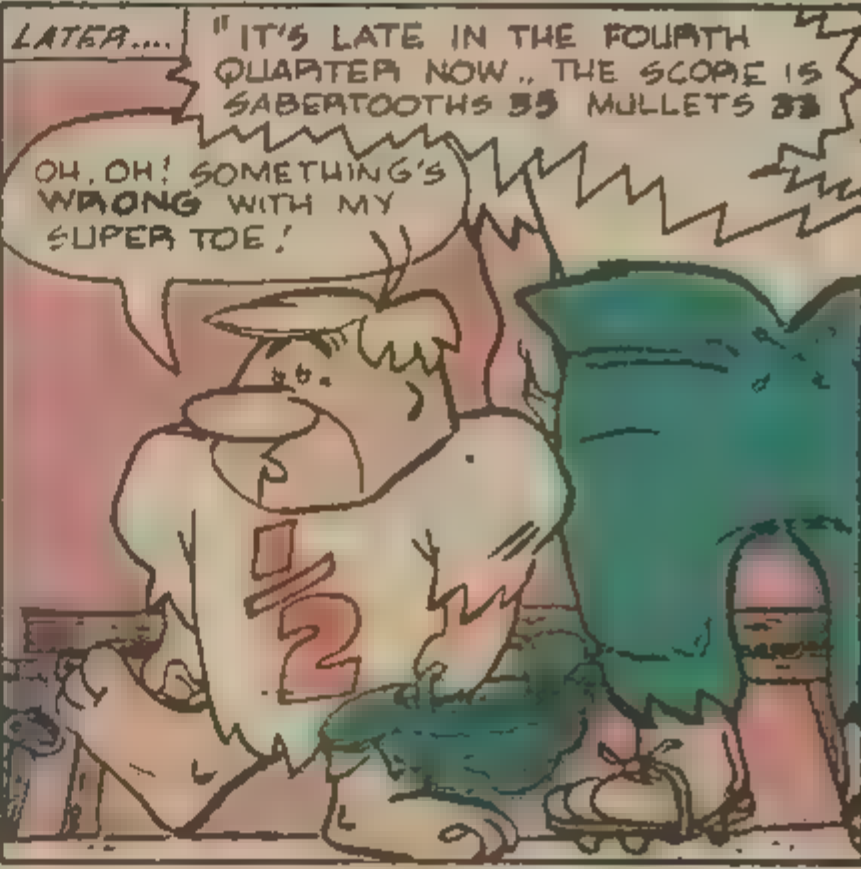
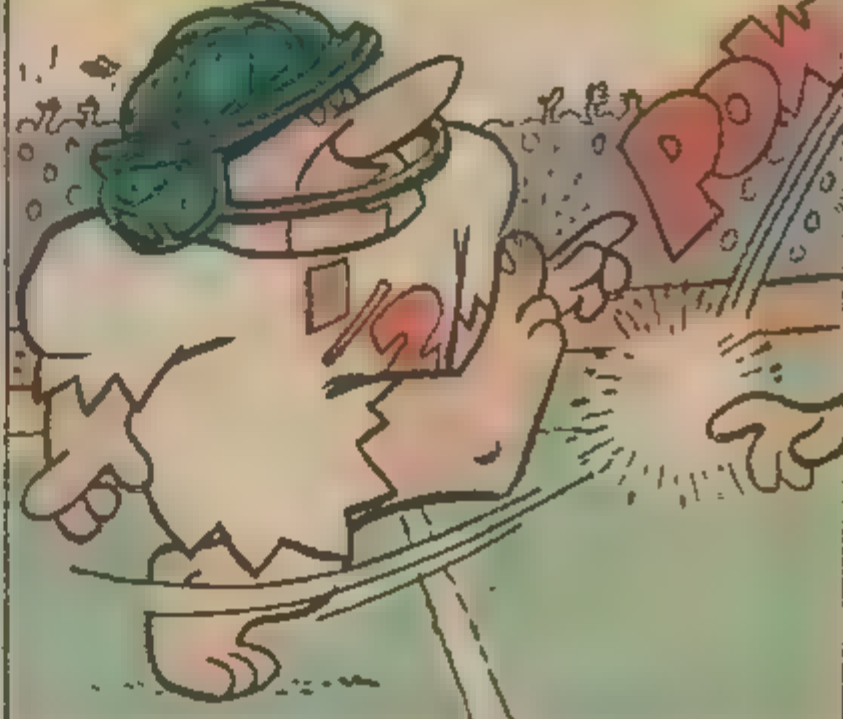




"... A BEAUTIFUL SEVENTY-YARD RUN, AND THE SABERTOOTH'S SCORE AGAIN! WHAT A BALLGAME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!... A REAL DUEL BETWEEN THE RUNNING OF THE SABERTOOTH'S AND THE KICKING GAME OF THE MULLETS!"

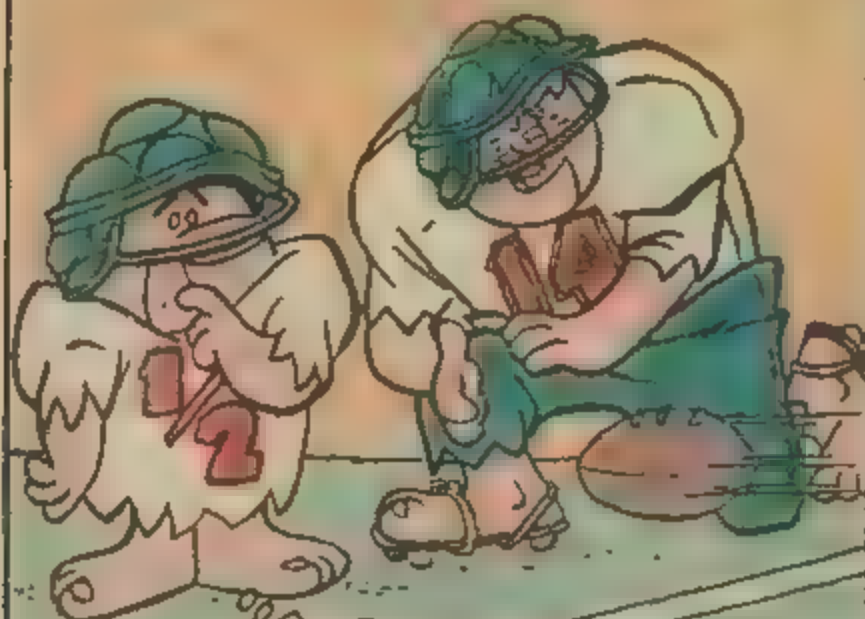


"... THE MULLETS GET THE KICKOFF ON THEIR OWN ONE-YARD LINE... AND... OH... NO!... RUBBLE'S GONNA TRY A NINETY-NINE-YARD FIELDGOAL ON FIRST DOWN!"



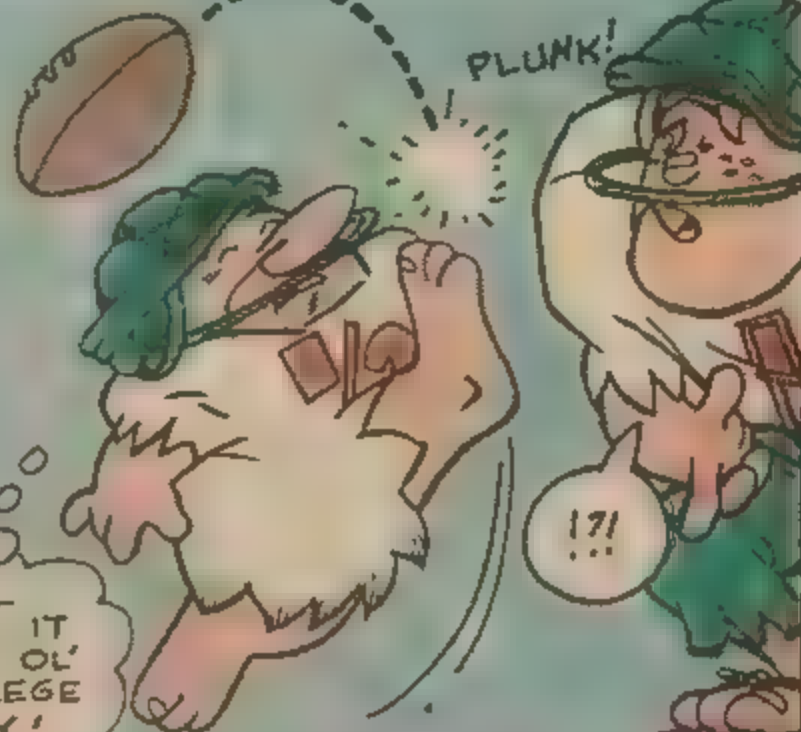


"BUBBLE TO KICK...DUM DUM LUMMOX IS HOLDING... AND THERE'S THE SNAP!"



OMM! GOSH! I CAN'T KICK!

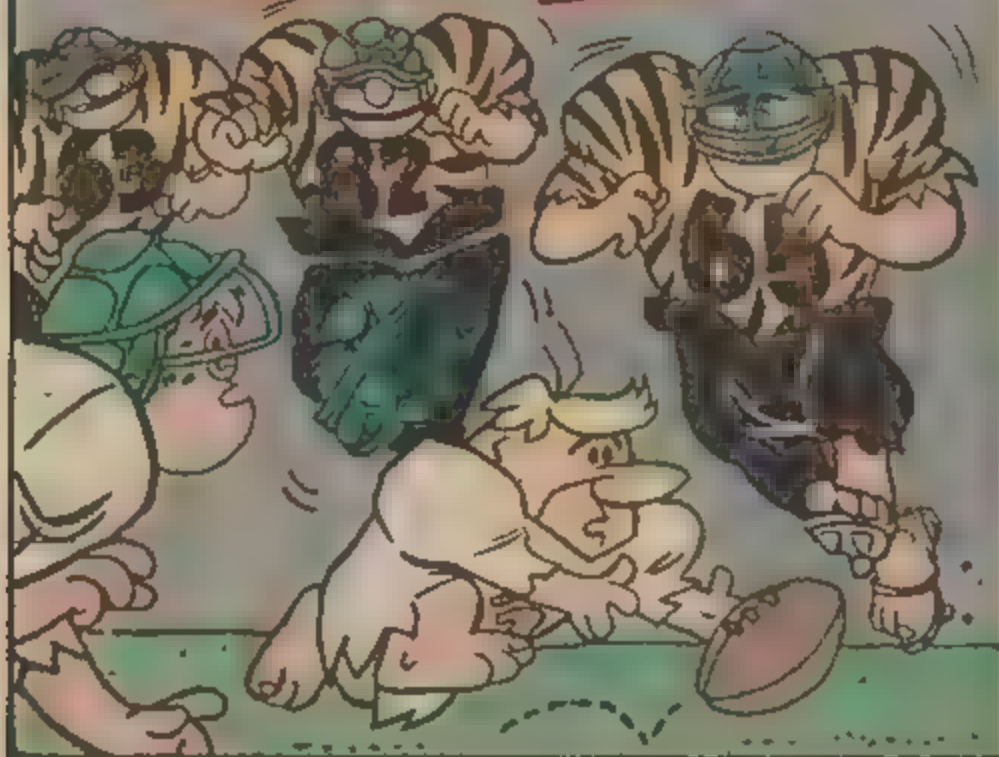
"...THE KICK GOES BACKWARDS!"



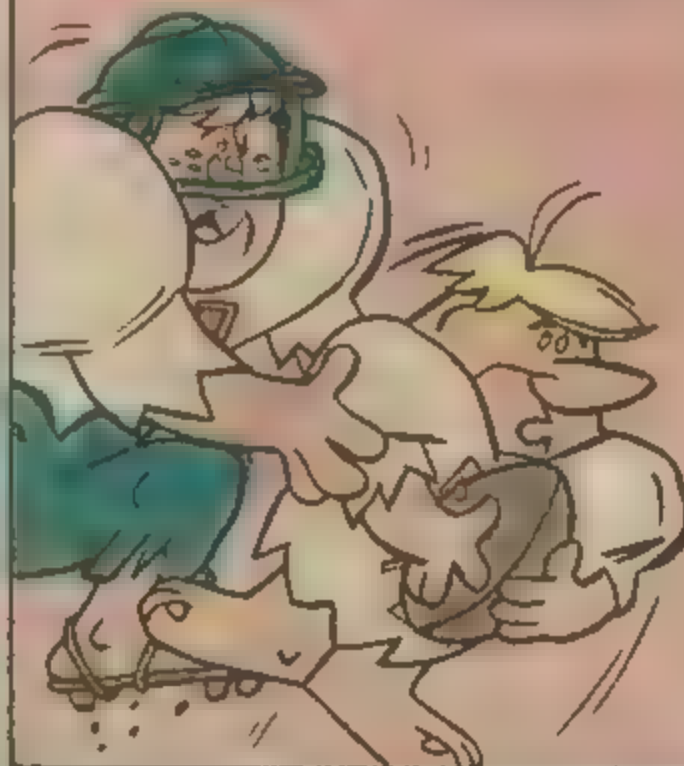
PLUNK!

!7!...

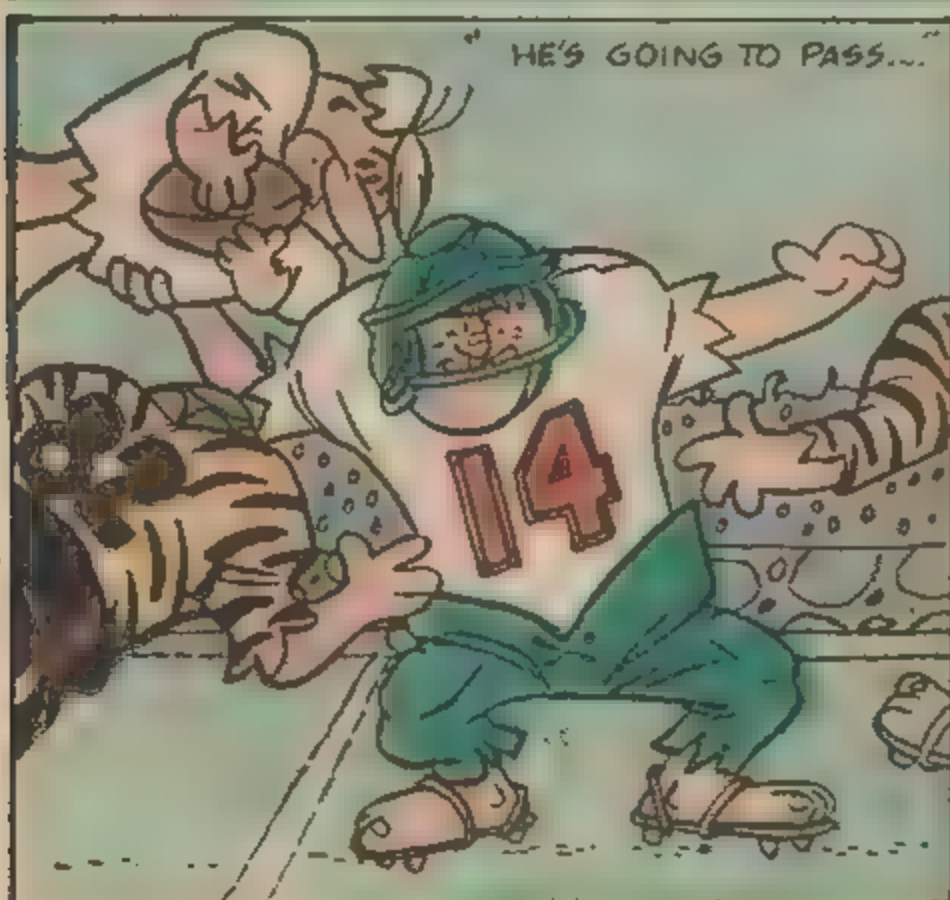
"LOOSE BALL!"



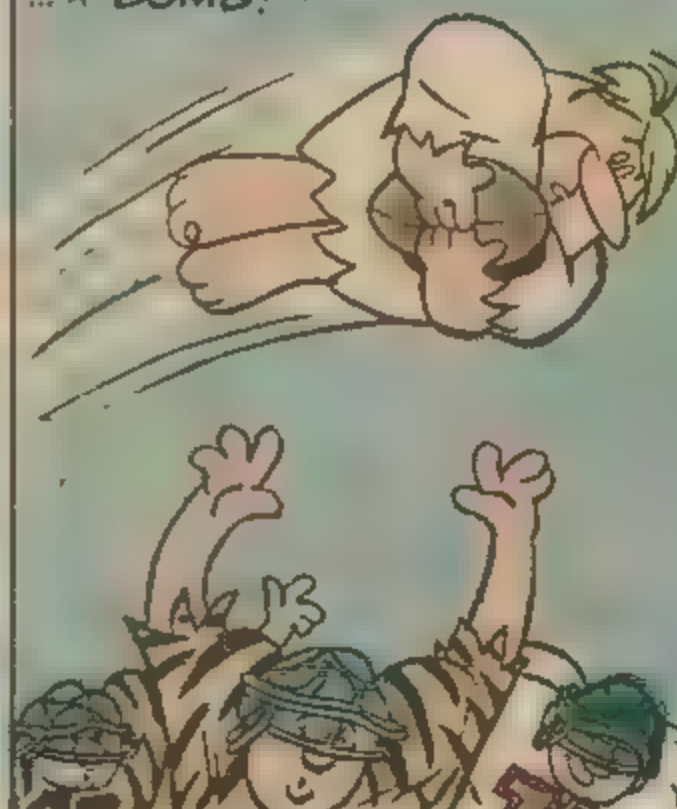
"...BARNEY PICKS UP THE BALL... AND...LUMMOX PICKS UP BARNEY!"



"HE'S GOING TO PASS..."

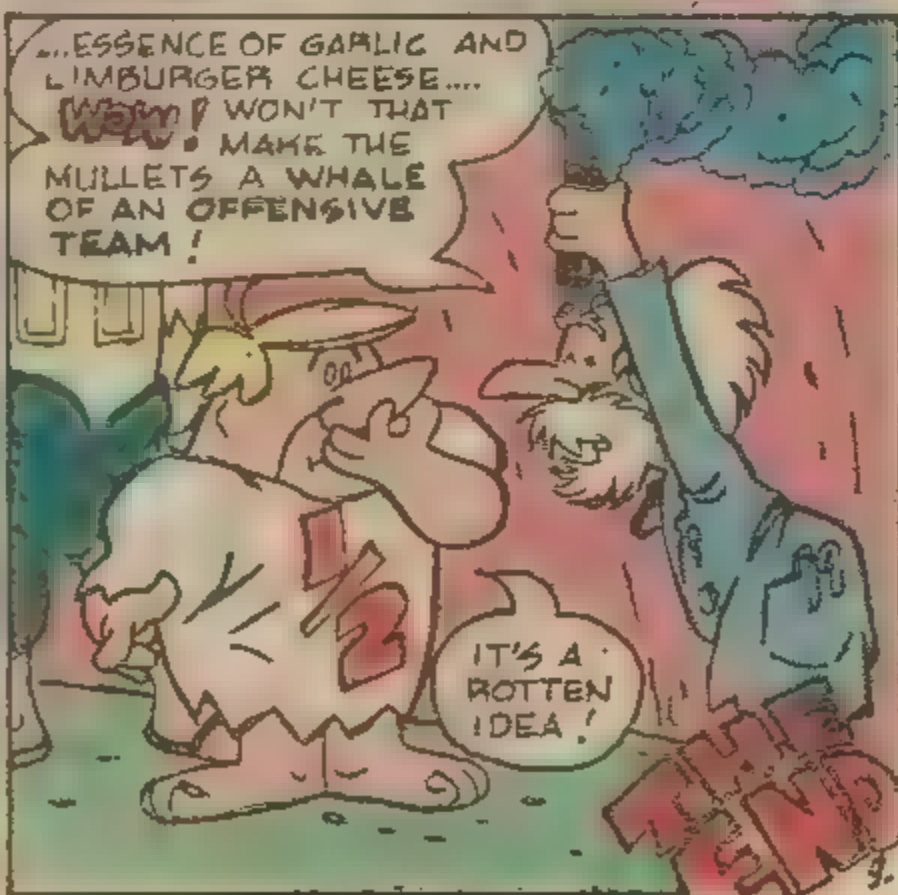
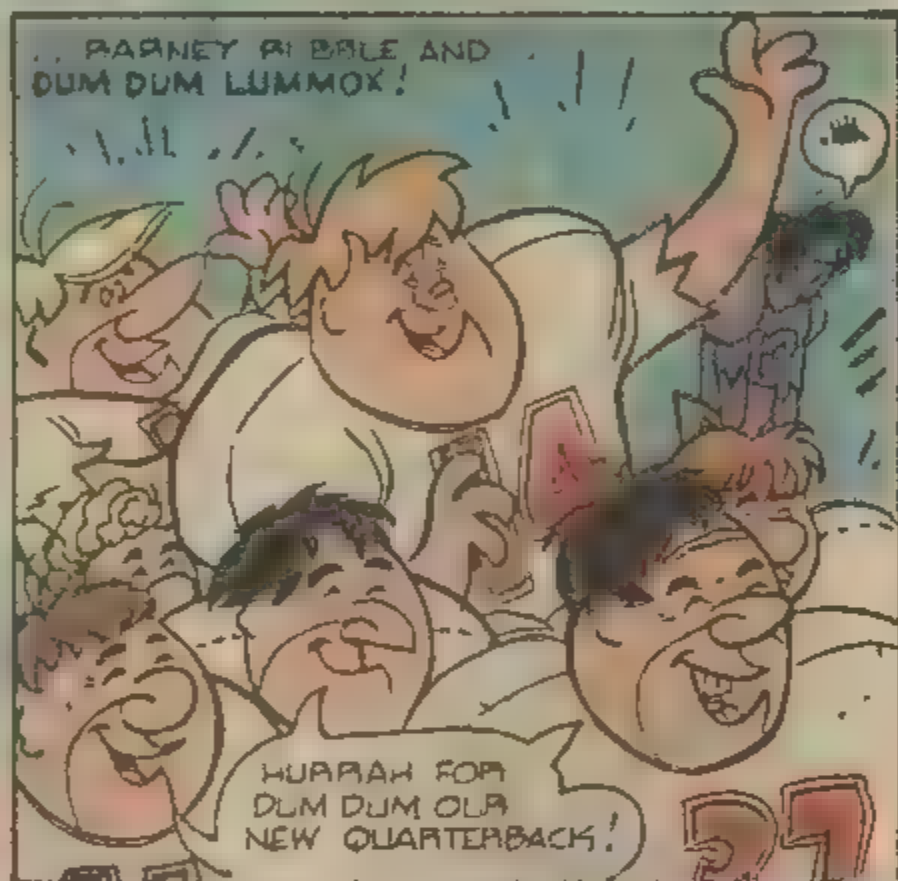
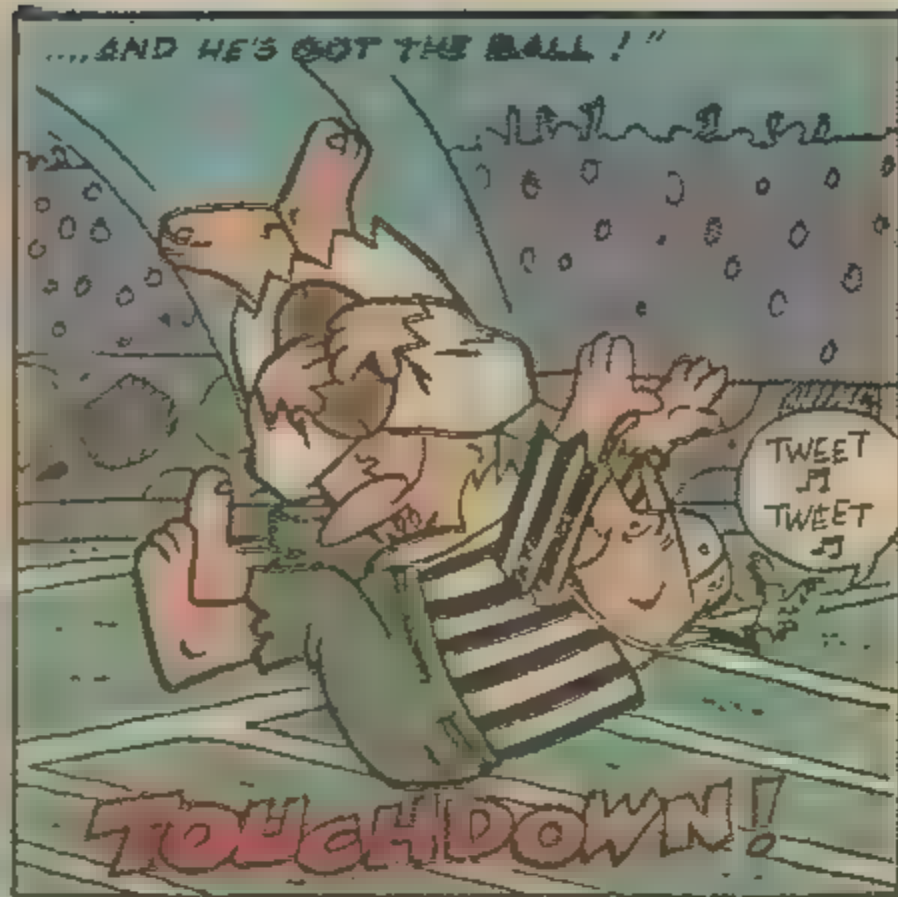
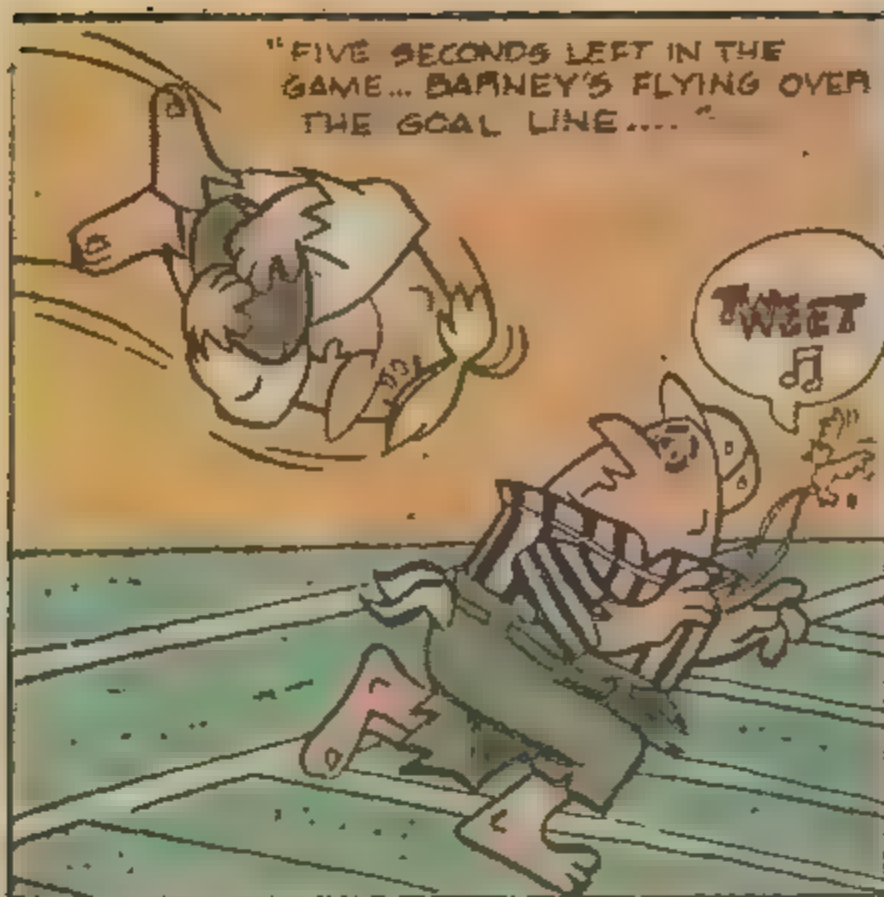


"IT'S A LONG PASS....BARNEY IS A... A BOMB!"

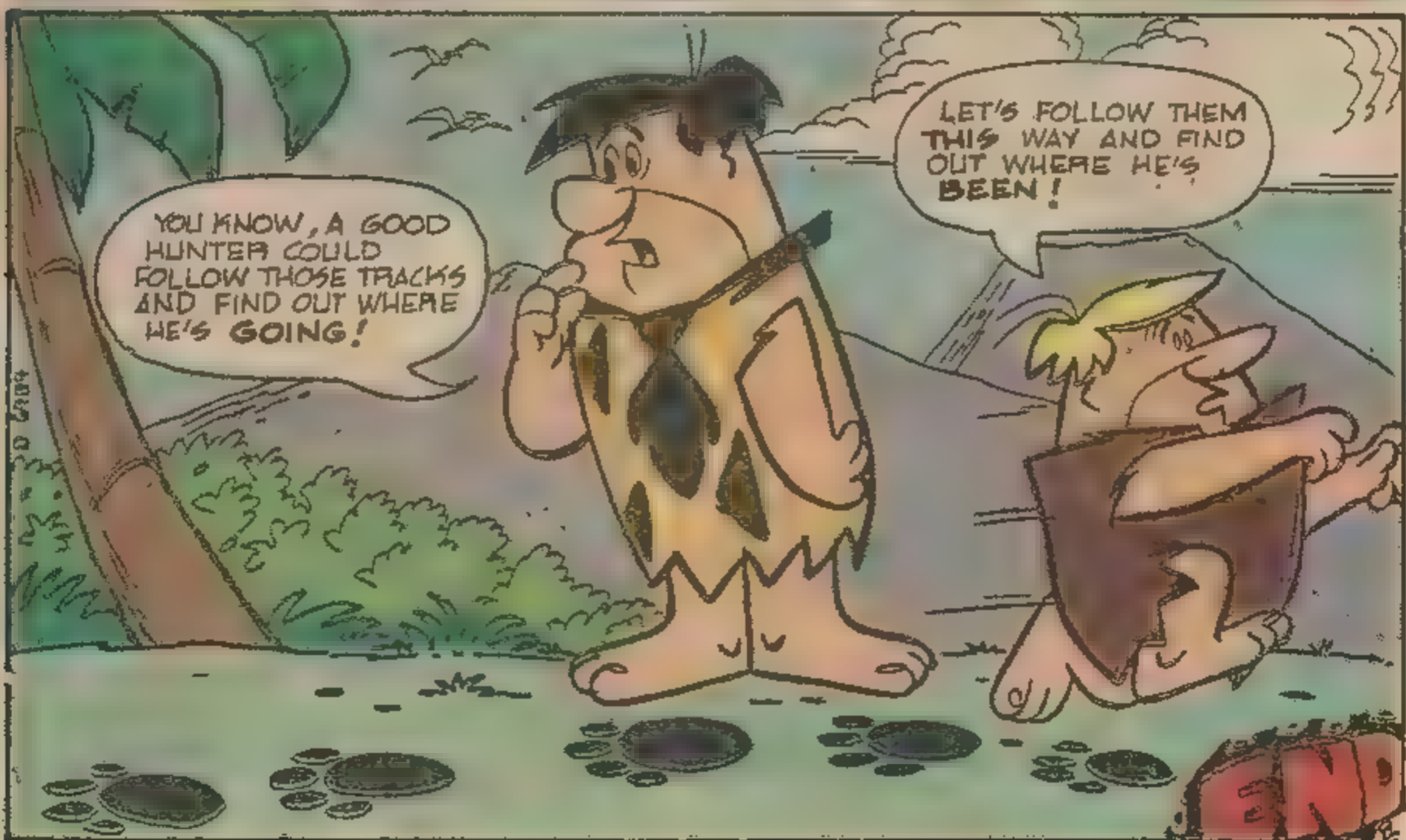
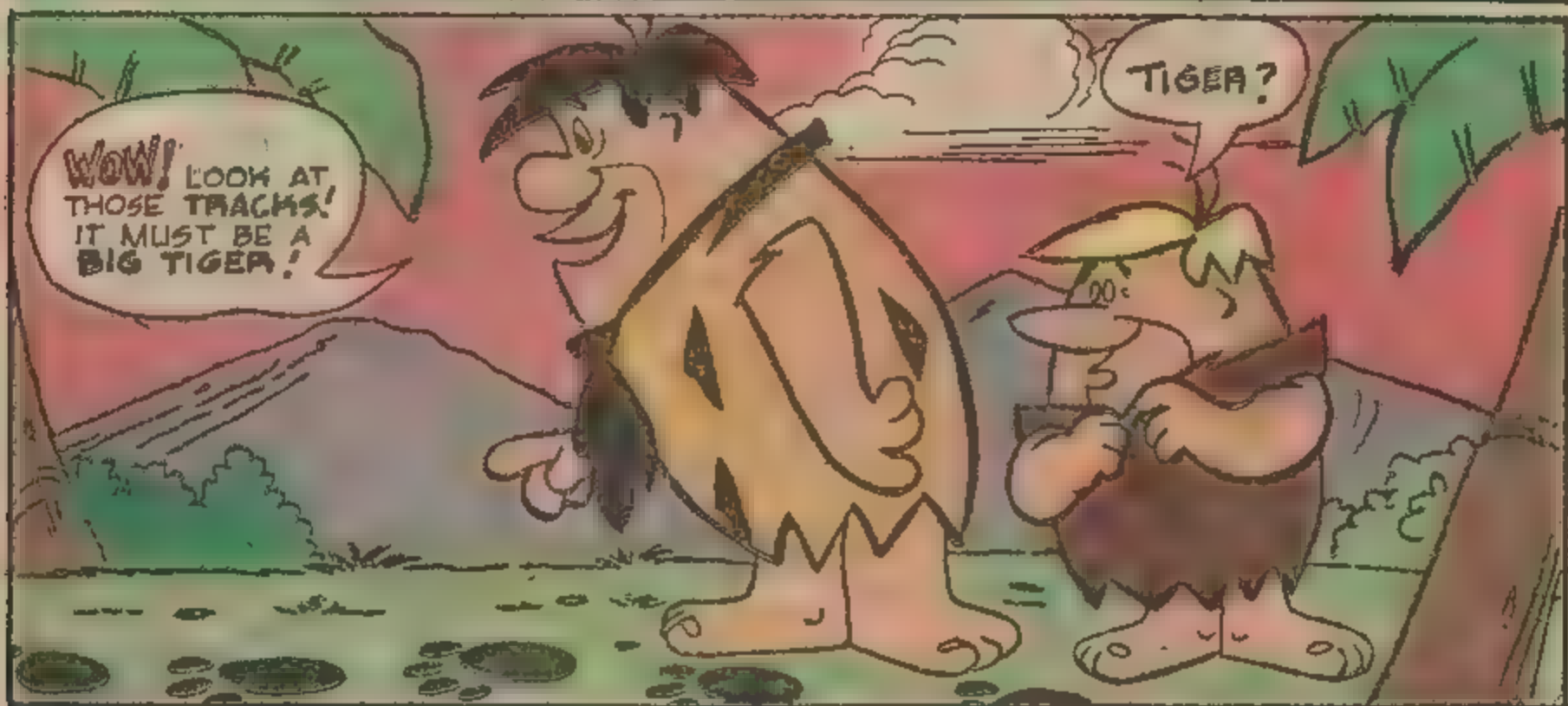
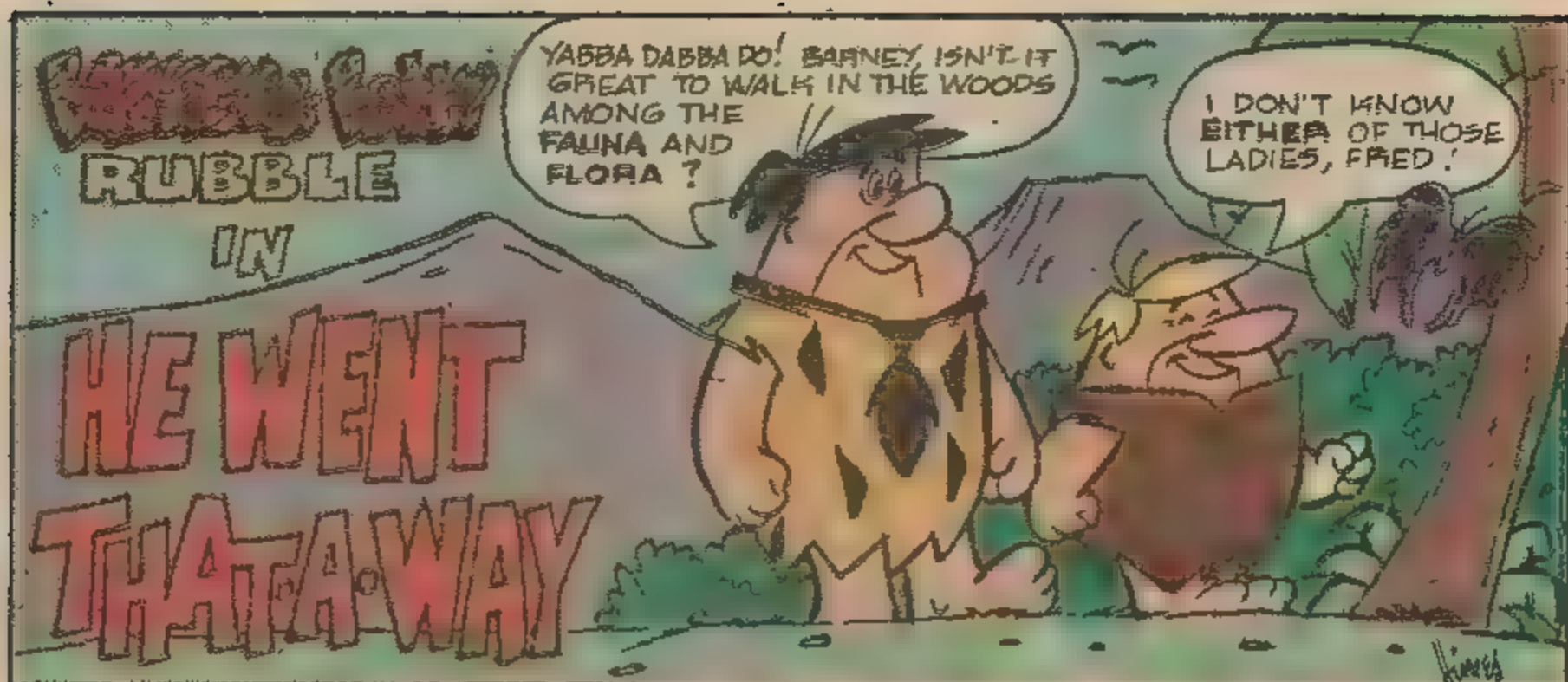


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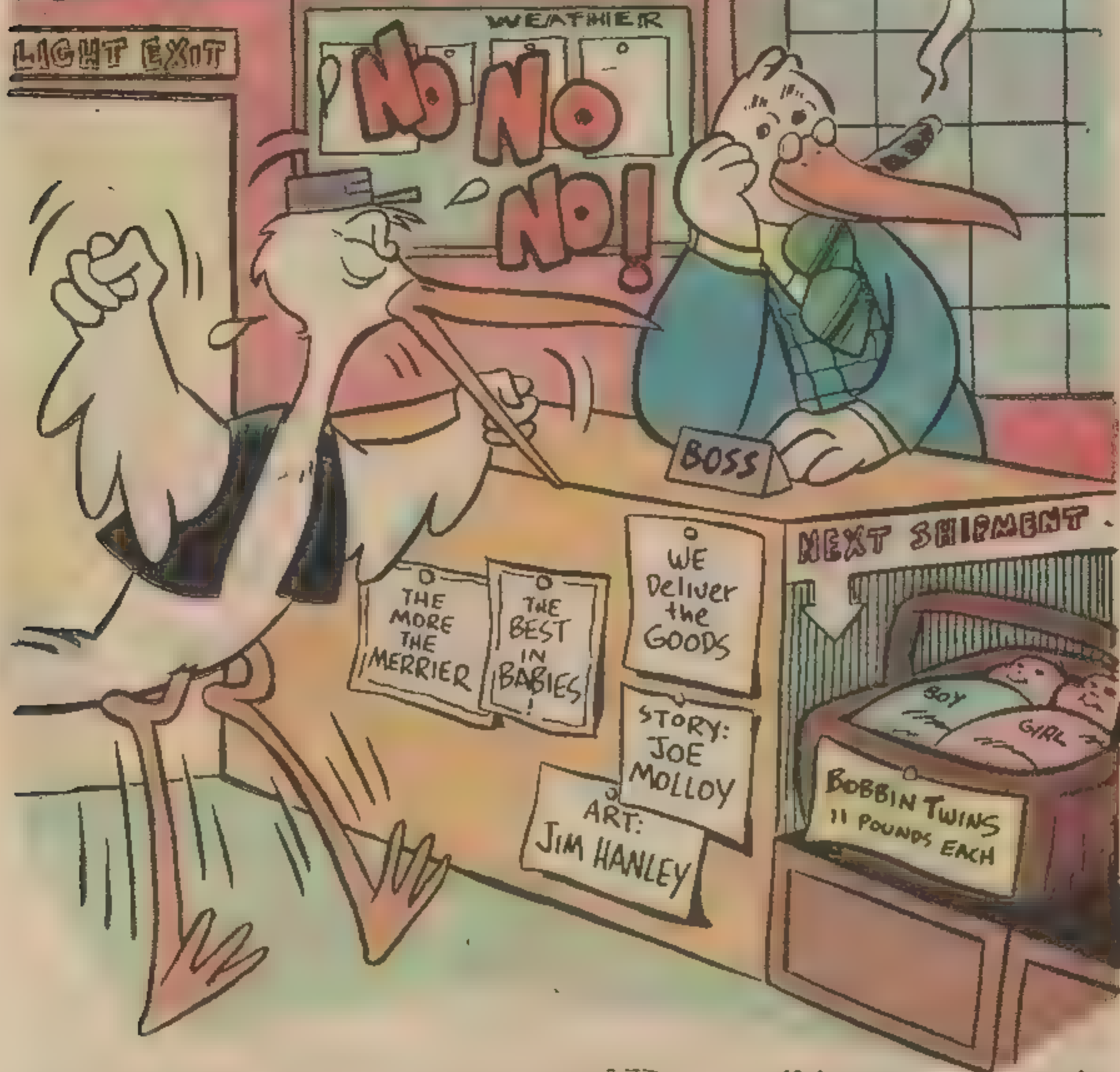








# DELIVERANCE



Arnold the stork had, as all storks have, plumes of the whitest white. But on this very morning during which our tale begins, his thoughts were of the blackest black.

"I won't do it. I told you that the last time was the last time." Arnold was adamant, and like all storks in rage, a comit spectacle. But no one was laughing, certainly not the next stork to speak, who was known simply as the Boss.

"Now, Arnold, I know how you feel, but all the other storks are booked. It's up to you."

Before I let this conversation get out of hand (or wing as the case may be), I should mention that Arnold was irate because the Boss wanted him to carry the Bobbin twins, each weighing in at eleven pounds.

These were the twelfth and thirteenth children of the Bobbins, a family of greater than normal weight, and Arnold had transported each of them, only to be thanked with a shotgun blast. "The Bobbins just don't want any more children. Anyway, everybody knows that storks bearing babies is fantasy," argued Arnold.

"A mere technicality," explained the Boss. "Now I don't want any more squawking. You'll take these bro — er — those lovely little infants, or you'll turn in your wings."

Unfortunately, Arnold did not belong to a union, so he had to do exactly as the Boss commanded. Strutting slowly over to his parcel, he grasped the swaddling diaper in his beak and stretched his wings. Halfheartedly, he attempted to fly, but no go. Then again,



but this time with even less effort. He was about to turn and tell the Boss he was too weak, when the head stork, anticipating such a maneuver, sprinted up to Arnold's behind and stuck him with his pointed beak. Within half a heartbeat, Arnold was airborne and on his way to the Bobbin residence.

Arnold contemplated dropping the babies into the first river he crossed, but rejected this as unstorkable behavior. Eventually, he resigned himself to the regrettable fact that he was soon to be a target with an aching back.

Before long, Arnold was nearing the Bobbin residence. He decided to climb into the clouds and approach the cottage from twelve o'clock high, directly above the roof. "This way, they may not see me until it's too late for them to do anything about it," he thought. But his optimism was short lived; directly below him as he emerged from the cloud cover was Old Man Bobbin, shotgun in hand and scowl on face.

"Someone must have tipped him off," bemoaned the hapless stork. "We storks have a traitor in our midst."

Arnold's reverie was interrupted by the unkind blast of the shotgun, and uncounted pellets struck a path immediately under him, just nipping his tail feathers.



"Hey, can't you give a guy a fighting chance?" he accused. "At least you usually wait until you get the kids."

"I just want to show you I'm a man open to change," came the brusque reply.

"I wish you were open to a left hook," thought the

stork, but this he did not say, heeding the strict Code of Stork Conduct.

Old Man Bobbin was again fingering the gun's trigger as he added, "Anyway, everybody nowadays knows that storks don't deliver babies."

"Seems I've heard that before," reasoned Arnold as he plunged into the chimney, the only respectable way for a stork to enter a household. Half expecting to meet Santa Clause, he plummeted down the shaft, and sprawled at its base in a cloud of soot.

At the sight of him, Old Lady Bobbin screamed, "—and I just cleaned up," as she advanced brandishing a broom threateningly above her head.

Arnold deposited his charges and quickly reentered the chimney, now an access of escape, as a sound broom whack slammed against the brick, narrowly missing his head. He only hoped that Old Lady Bobbin could not ride the broom as could others she closely resembled. This he did not say, not only because of the Code but because of fear as well. He had not always been as lucky as today in escaping her violence.

Lucky did I say. Perhaps I used the word too soon, for Arnold was not yet safely away. Old Man Bobbin was waiting for him to emerge from the chimney with his shotgun at the ready. Speed could not help Arnold now, but perchance trickery was the tonic he sought.

Old Man Bobbin could see nothing, but he could hear the voice emanating from his chimney. "Bobbin-sir," it began, using the polite form specified by the Code when dealing with a shotgun-wielding patren. "If you will let a poor stork be, I'll let you have a container of myrrh I've been saving for my dear mother's birthday.

Old Man Bobbin, sensing a quick method of Christmas shopping, replied, "I'll take it."

Arnold climbed down from his sanctum coddling a vial, "How do I know it's really myrrh?" asked the suspicious man.

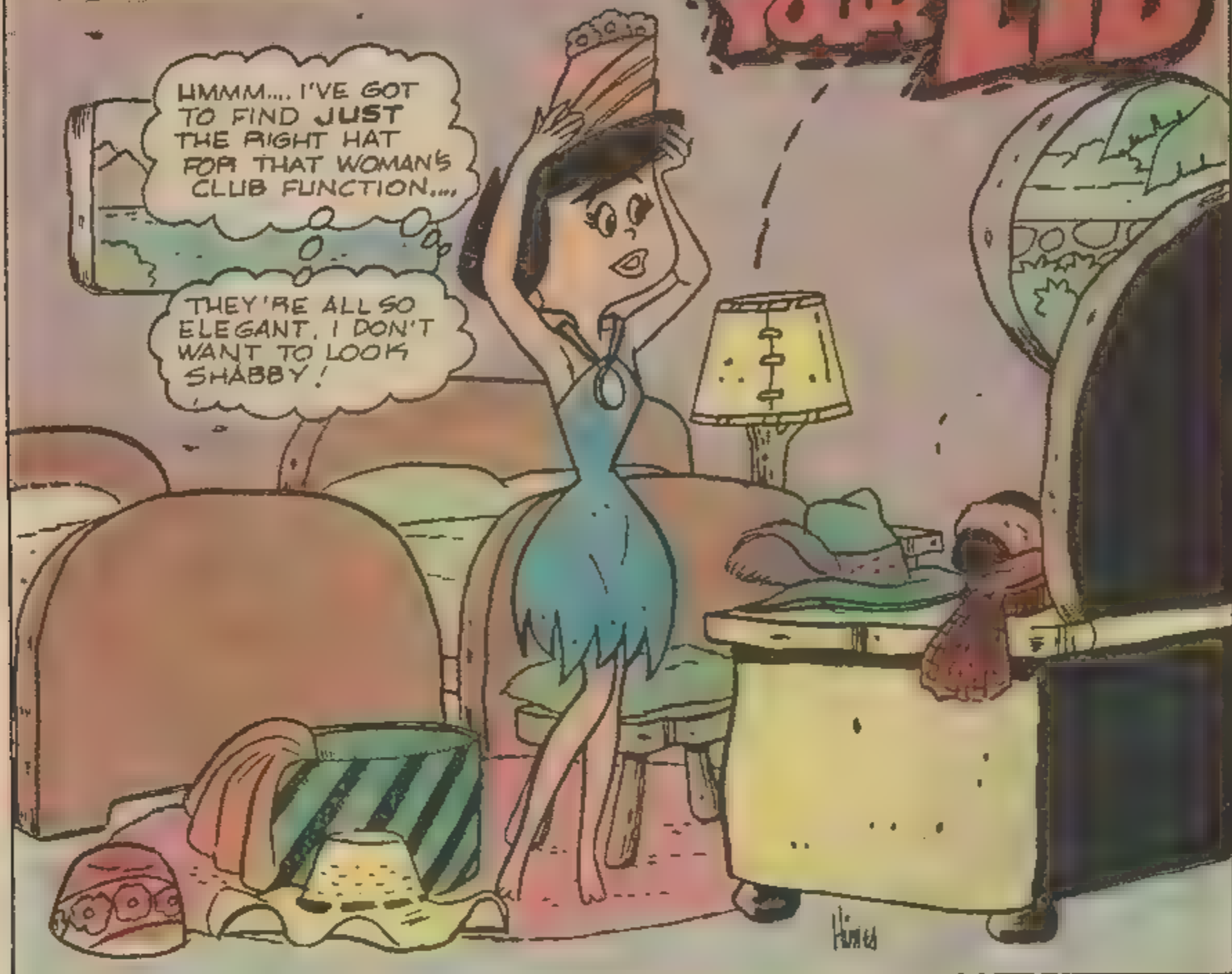
"Why, here. Smell it," offered the stork, suppressing a smile. As Old Man Bobbin drew near, Arnold held it to his nose and, with a mighty effort, blew a cloud of soot up his inhaling nostrils knocking him off his feet. In a spider's breath, Arnold was gone, once again resolving never to return.



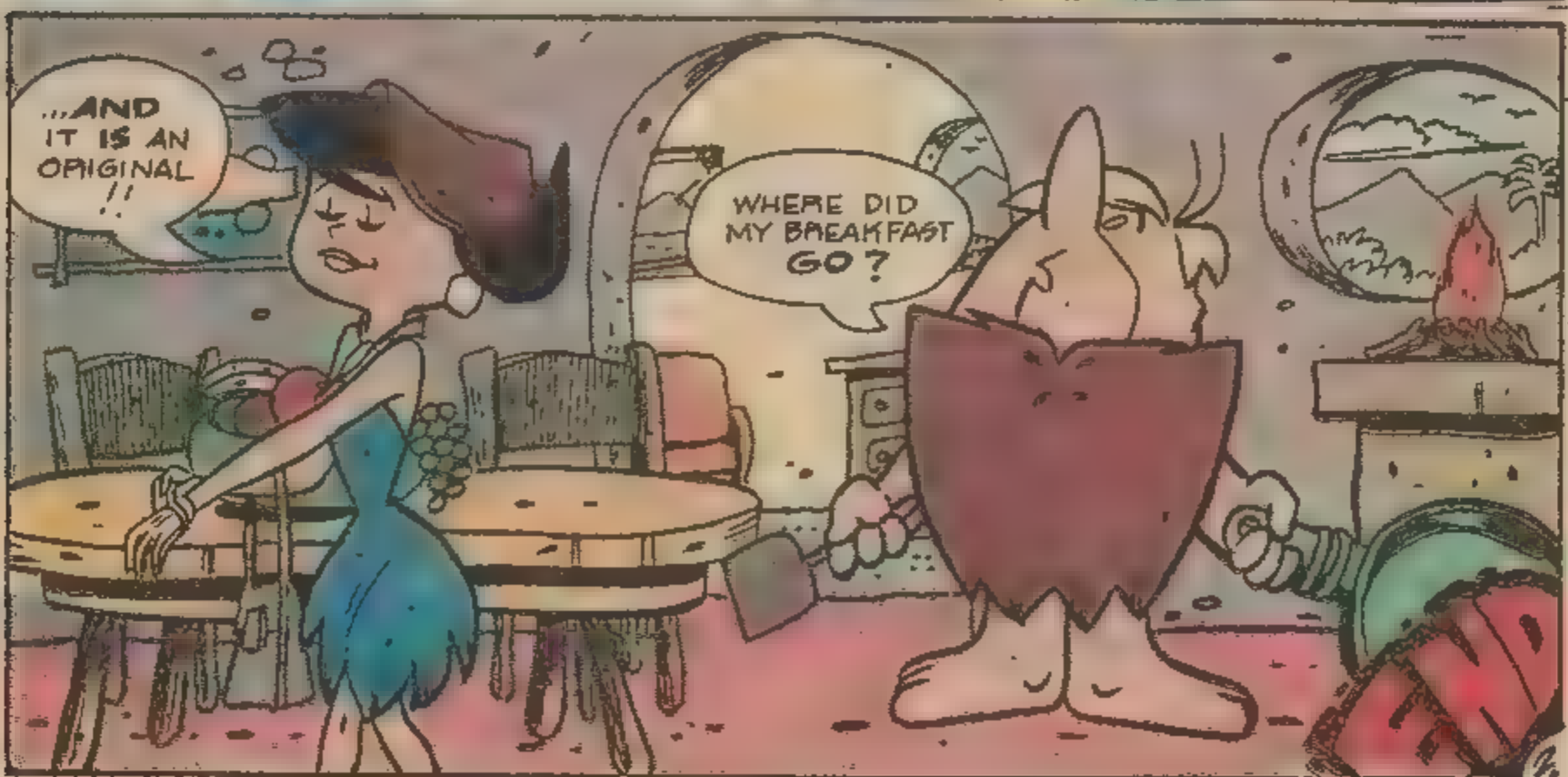
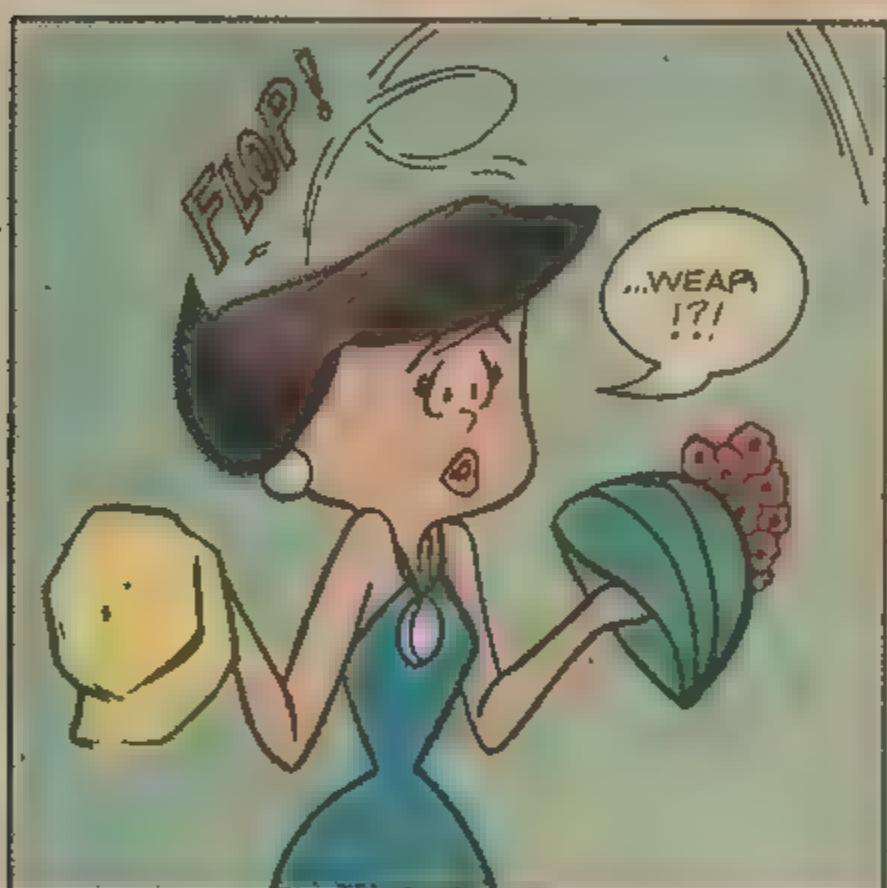
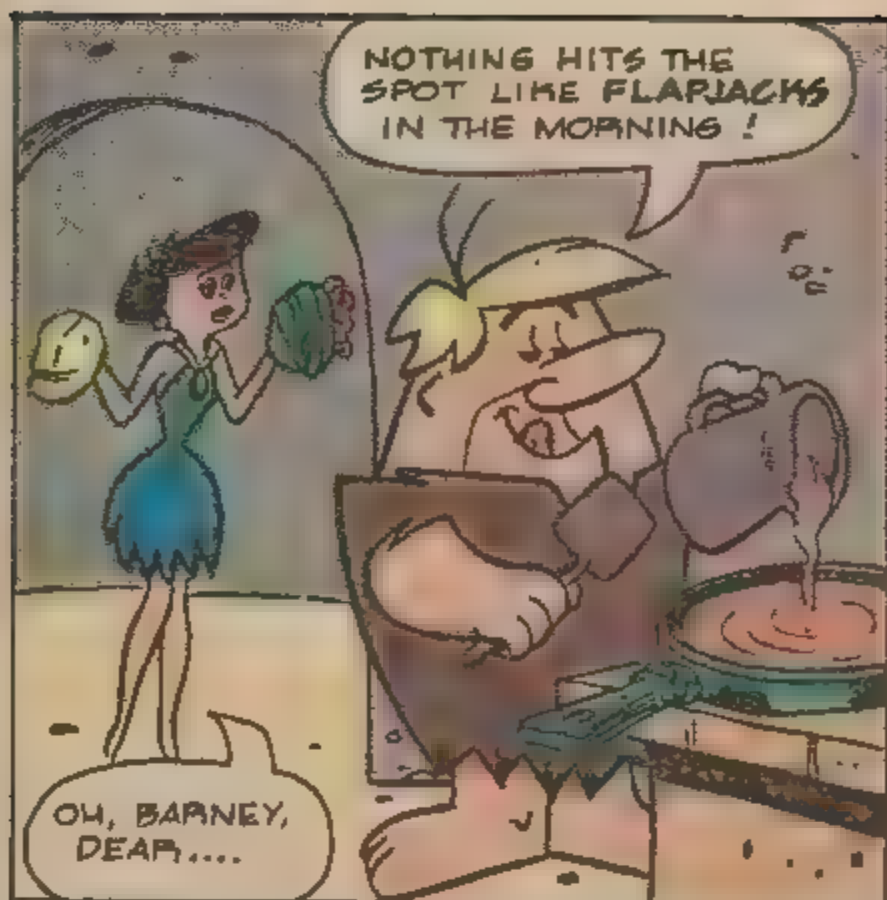


# Banner & Betty RUBBLE

# IN FLIP YOUR LID









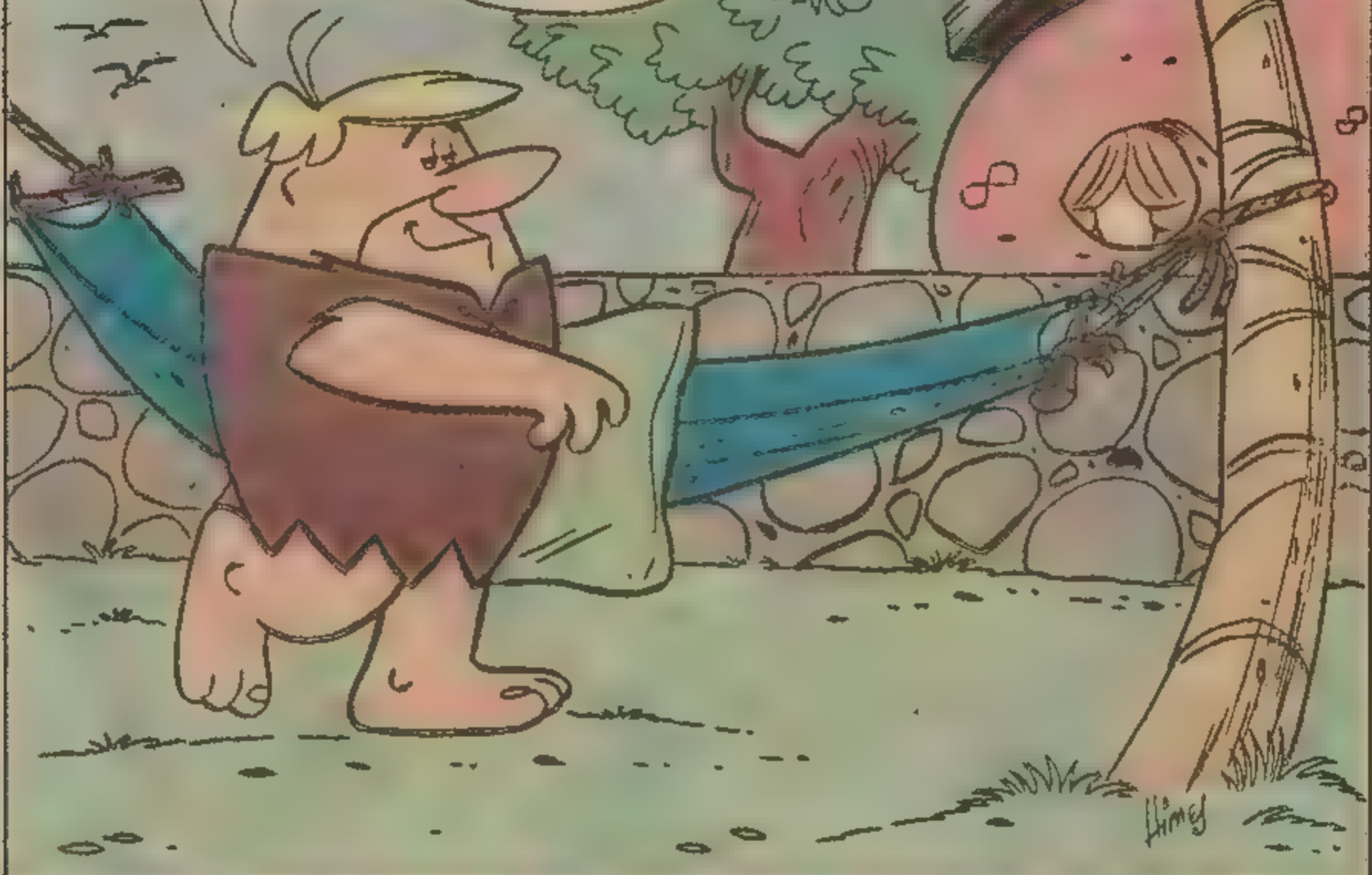
# **Barney Rubble**

IN

# **HOT MUSIC**

OH BOY, I SURE AM TIRED... I'M REALLY GOING TO ENJOY THIS NAP!

IT'S THE BEST PART OF THE WEEKEND!



AHHH...THIS IS LIVING!...MY FAVORITE SPORT!



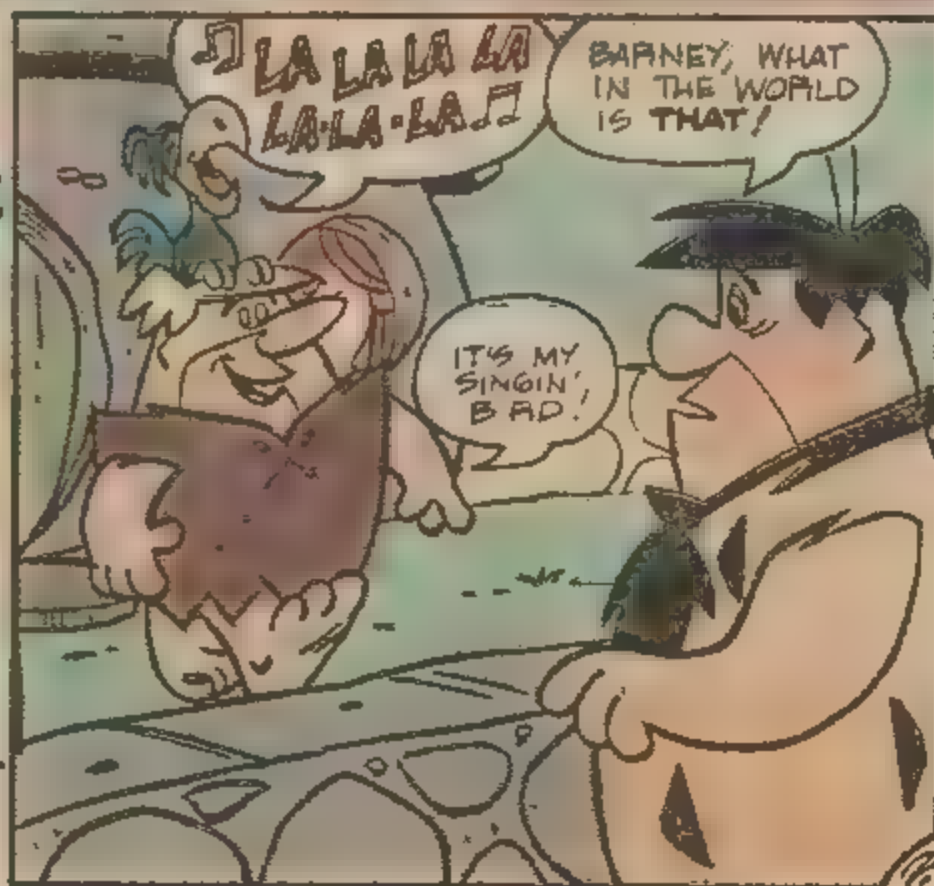
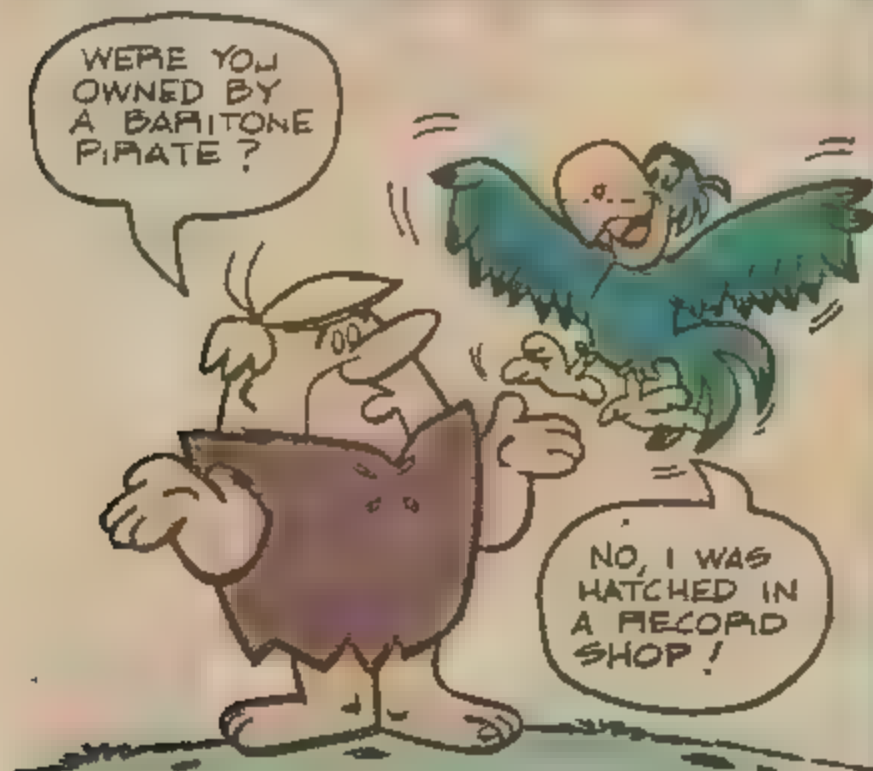
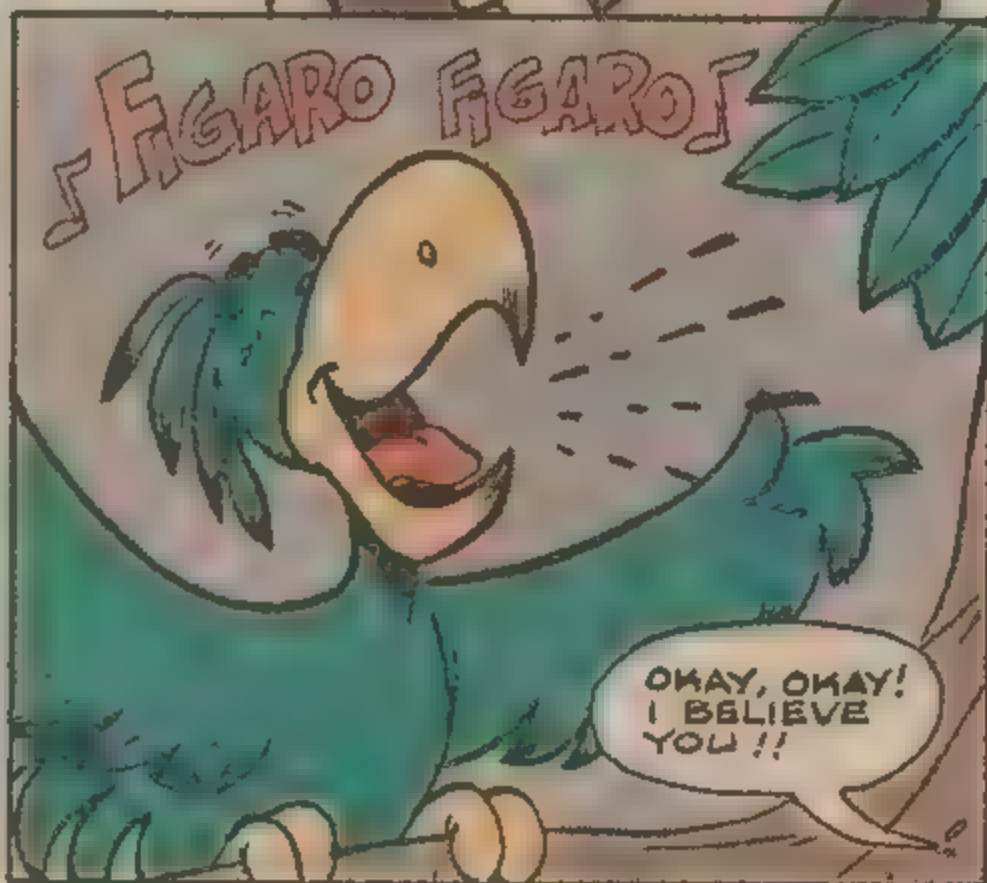
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# **O SOLE MIO**



WHA...

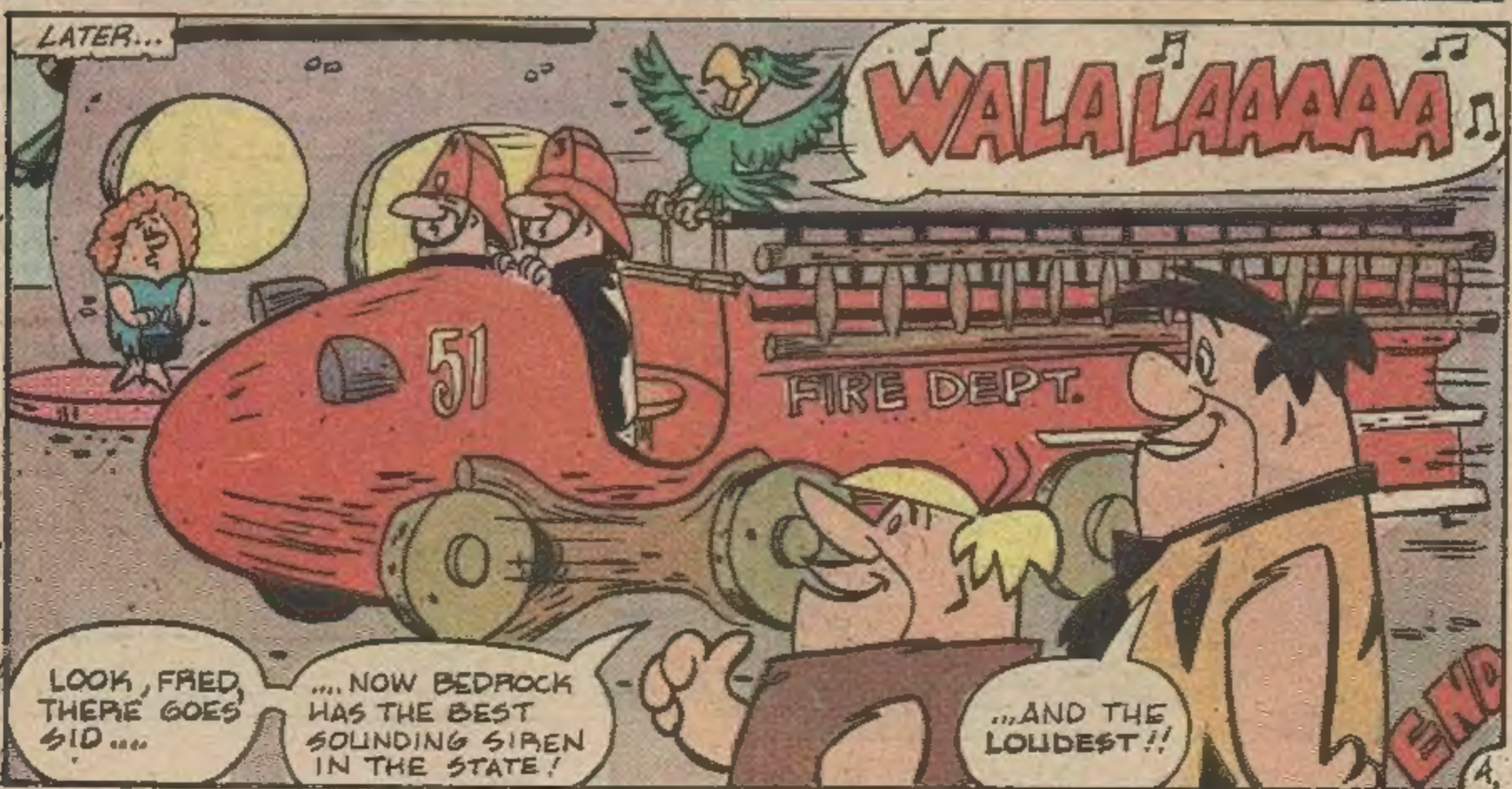
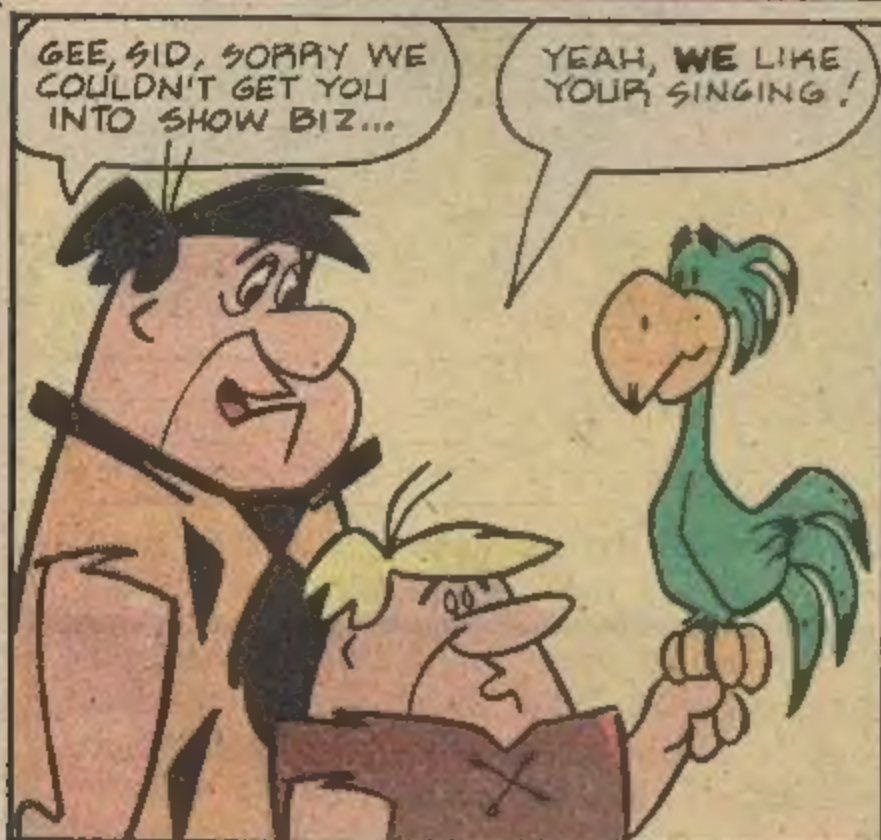












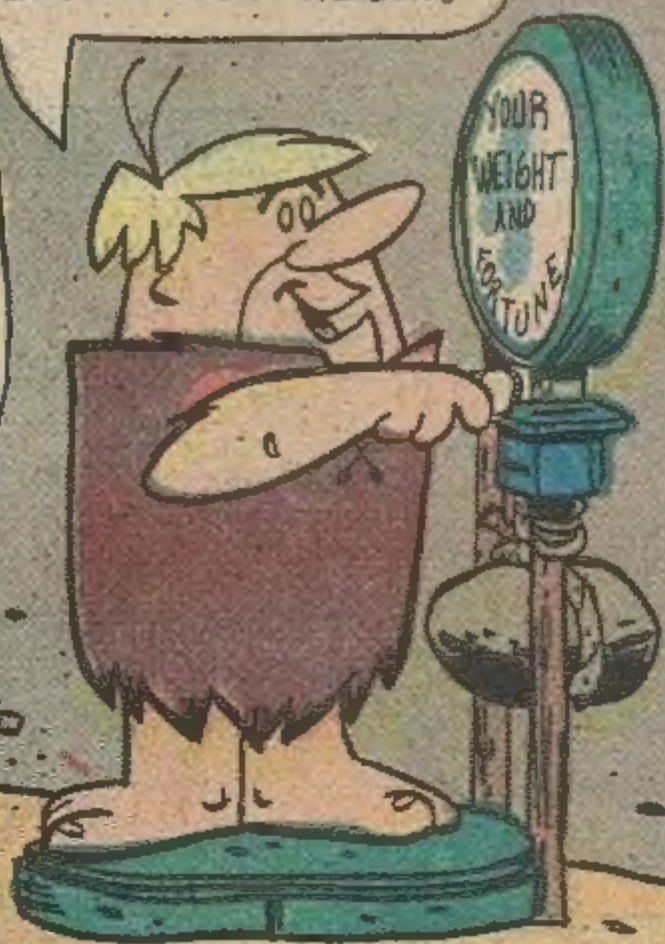


# BARTLEY & BETTY RUBBLE

# DOUBLE EXPOSURE



I BET THIS TIME I'VE REALLY LOST WEIGHT!



"WILL ONE OF YOU PLEASE GET OFF!"





